McKean County Democrat.

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CRIMINAL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

The Week's Business at the Temple of Justice.

PEASLEY MURDER CASE CONTINUED

Other Cases Put Over—Some Convictions—Attendance Light.

Criminal court convened at 2 p. m. Monday with Judge Joseph W. Bouton on the bench. John O. Dodge of Keating township was chosen foreman of the grand jury. The judge charged them as to their duty and they retired to act upon the 33 cases which were placed before them.

As there are only a few cases ready for trial at the January civil court, Judge Bouton decided it would not pay to take a jury to Smethport and there being no objections an order was filed abrogating the civil court, which had been fixed for January 18, 1904.

After the constables had made their returns Judge Bouton called their attention to instructions which he gave them some time ago in regard to proprietors of billiard and pool rooms permitting minors to assemble in these places of amusement. The judge said: "It is a violation of the law for proprietors of these rooms to allow minors to congregate in the rooms, whether they play or not, and it must be stopped." Attention was called to the practice of shaking dice for cigars and constables were instructed to notify all persons breaking the law in this respect to desist, and if they persist to return them. The constables were told to keep watchful eyes for druggists who may be selling strong liquor without the necessary prescription and instructed that all violations should be reported.

The Peasley murder case has been continued until the next term of criminal court on account of the illness of the defendant's attorney, Eugene Mullin.

The first case tried was that of the Commonwealth vs. Ward Finn. He was tried on two counts, one of statutory rape and the other attempt to rape Mabel Brown, a 14-year-old girl of Kane. The defendant is only 17 years old. After being out all night the jury brought in a verdict of guilty on the second count and recommended the mercy of the court.

George Williams, a young man of Kane, pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery. He was financially embarrassed and in order to meet his obligations, raised a check from $10.56 to $75.56. The bank refused to honor the watered stock and George found himself in the clutches of the law.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. William Gilliland of Benovo, charged with forging his sister's endorsement on a check for $589.56, the jury found a verdict of not guilty.

Mickey Brown of Hazelhurst, charged with being a public nuisance, was discharged. The information was made by citizens of Hazelhurst and stated that Mickey was a nuisance to the people of that town. That he was in the habit of being drunk and disorderly most of the time. Also that he had a propensity for frequenting a certain butcher shop and could not be kept out.

National Cash Register Company vs. E. Warren Peterson; motion for judgment by default, for want of an answer, granted.

The Ohio Coffee & Spice Company vs. Charles G. Jackson; motion for judgment, for want of an appearance and affidavit of defense, granted.

The following cases have been continued: Com. vs. Policeman Elmer Hart, assault and battery; Com. vs. Jerome Taylor, fornication, etc.; Com. vs. Bela Chase; Com. vs. Gust Madison, rape; Com. vs. Amato Pepe.

Guy Brothers' Minstrels.

The first minstrel show that has visited Smethport in several years was the attraction at the Lyceum last Friday evening. The Guy Brothers have a pretty good show this season and the large audience was well pleased.

The first part, representing U. S. soldiers camping in the Philippines, was a pleasant departure from the old "blacked up" semi-circle, and while most of the jokes sprung have been in the business longer than Guy Brothers, the vocal selections, band, orchestra, etc., were above the average.

Bland and Ward, the Bicycle Kings, do a hair-raising turn in the second part. The tumbling of Arthur and Charles Guy and Botambo was clever. Carman, the boy with many hoops, caught the crowd and his wonderful control of the movement of the hoops won liberal applause. The entertainment concluded with a moving picture exhibition.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The large saw mill at Kane, known as Kane's mill, accidentally took fire on 9th of July and was entirely destroyed, together with a large quantity of lumber valued at $75,000 or upwards.

By a circular, recently received, we are informed that a seminary for young ladies will open on Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1871, at Logan Square, Philadelphia. Misses S. A. Scull and J. Pindell are announced as principals. With such instructors the success of the school is certain. The many friends of Miss Millie Scull know her to be a lady of the highest culture and possessed with the noblest elements of the true woman. With her at the helm people will not hesitate to patronize this institution. If the character of a teacher in any way indicates the character and standing of the institution, we are sure this one will receive that encouragement and patronage which the seminary and its founders merit.

Our patrons will notice that with this number [July 26, 1871,] we change our firm name, J. C. Bard retiring and H. F. Barbour assuming in his place a share of the duties and responsibilities of the publication of the MINER. Mr. Barbour is an able writer, a competent printer and has had much experience in the newspaper business.

Having had the misfortune to spoil the roller with which we work our paper, we are unable to make this issue look as well as we otherwise should.

At a meeting of the members of the National Guard held in this place on Saturday, July 22, 1871, the following officers were elected: Captain, D. V. Crossmire; First Lieutenant, Charles Dickinson; Second Lieutenant, M. L. Armstrong. In order to get arms the other companies in the county would do well to organize at once. The Bradford companies will organize and muster on the 19th of August.

Changes are continually going on in town. Within the past week we learn that L. Rogers has bought Dr. H. L. McCoy's interest in the drug store, who with A. B. Armstrong will henceforth carry on the business. We also learn that the new firm has purchased the building occupied by Frank King, which will be used for a drug store after it has been thoroughly remodeled and fitted up for that purpose. As soon as Rogers purchases the court house and square, the two church edifices and one or two other small buildings we shall chronicle the fact. He is convalescent at present, but it is owing to the fact, we presume, that he has easy access to restorative medicines.

On Tuesday, August 1, 1871, a meeting was held at the Bradford House in Bradford and a company formed for the purpose of boring for oil in that township. The officers of the new company are, J. W. Hilton, president; J. R. Pomeroy, vice president; C. C. Melvin, treasurer; T. J. Melvin, secretary. Jas. Broder and Enos Parsons are also directors. A sufficient amount to insure the thorough prosecution of drilling a well, testing and even barreling the oil was at once subscribed and a contract let for putting up a derrick and rig and drilling. Within eighteen hours the site of the new well was located and work commenced. The company is known as the Barnsdall Oil Company, in honor of William Barnsdall, Esq., of Titusville, Pa. Mr. Barnsdall is the oldest operator in the oil regions, having been associated with Col. Drake in the very first days of oildom. As an upright, far-seeing business man Mr. Barnsdall sustains a reputation second to no man and his name is an earnest of success and an honor to the company, in which we understand he has a large interest. Besides the Barnsdall company we hear of another company called the Salem Oil Co., in which it is said Mr. Barnsdall also has an interest. Rock has been struck on the Salem well, which is located on Shepard's Run, near DeGolier and close by the Elk Lick—a noted salt spring. Other wells are talked of, and as we know there is oil on Tuna, its development is now sure.

We wonder if Silas thoroughly understands the game called three-card-monte. People should not make it a point to swindle circus men out of their money every time they pass through this place.

The boiler of the steamer Chautauqua, plying between Jamestown and Mayville, exploded on Monday evening, August 14, 1871, at a point six miles from Mayville, while taking wood, precipitating the thirty passengers on board into the lake, killing six outright and injuring all the others. The boat is a complete wreck. Capt. Murray escaped with a broken leg.

"Widow Labree" of Otto township, who is said to have forged papers by which to obtain the bounty money and back pay of a person whom she claimed to be her son, was arrested by the United States Marshal the other day and taken to Erie to await trial.

Subscribe for the MINER.

GLASS FACTORIES ARE RUNNING.

Everything Bright for a Good Season in Smethport.

THE SNAPPERS' STRIKE SETTLED.

The Increase in Snappers' Wages was Granted—They Went to Work at Midnight Last Night.

Both the Camp and Smethport window glass factories commenced work shortly after midnight Sunday. The blowers and gatherers immediately started the transformation of glowing lumps of melted stone into crystal cylinders and the flatteners and cutters were in town waiting for a supply of "rollers" to manufacture into window lights. The places at both factories are practically filled and a successful season is promised.

What promised to be a somewhat serious drawback to the starting of the factories was the refusal of the snappers to go to work until their scale was signed. The snapper is a helper to the blower and until a settlement was effected the blowers and gatherers were obliged to divide that work among themselves.

The snappers' union is a separate organization from any in the glass business and their scale is fixed in the same manner as the more skilled workmen. The representatives of the union and factories in Smethport had several conferences without coming to an agreement. The difference in wages offered and demanded was $2.42 a week.

Last night an agreement was reached between the factory managers and the snappers' union and the helpers went to work at midnight. We understand the raise asked for was granted.

The majority of glass workers of this town have been idle since April and all wish for a long and prosperous "fire." The running of the glass factories makes a considerable difference in the amount of business transacted in Smethport, therefore the people in general warmly second that wish.

B., B. & K. Sold Again.

The Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua railroad, although only 26 miles long, has been the subject of much discussion of late in newspaper and railway circles.

Dec. 1st the road was sold at auction to satisfy a mortgage and was bid in by the stockholders for about $67,000. Last week the road again changed hands and Monday of this week became the property of the Goodyears of Buffalo, who have extensive interests in this part of Pennsylvania, owning the bulk of stock in the Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad, aside from timber lands and mills most of their holdings being located in Potter county.

According to newspaper advices the B., B. & K. will be used as a feeder for the B. & S. when the right time comes. For the immediate future there are no plans. The narrow gauge road has not been in any too good shape for several years and for the present, it is understood, no improvements will be made. The wisdom of the Goodyears in acquiring the property, however, is commended by all persons conversant with railroad affairs. It will be valuable to them sooner or later and the price, $70,000, said to have been paid is considered comparatively moderate.

This action on the part of the Goodyears probably means some future railway developments that may be of considerable benefit to Smethport, located as it is at the eastern terminus of the short line and nearest to the timber and railway interests before mentioned.

Amusements.

Owing to the large advance sale for the "Prince of Pilsen," Dec. 21st, at the New Bradford Theatre, the management wishes to announce that they will reserve the seats for the "Prince of Pilsen" for Dec. 22nd by mail, telegraph or telephone until the evening of Dec. 21st at 6 p. m. Bell 'phone number 485. Anyone desiring to attend this grand scenic production Dec. 22nd should secure their seats in advance as the sale for the second night is already very "brisk," and it is the desire of the management that all out-of-town guests should have the best of accommodations. Prices of seats are, first three rows in gallery $1.50, entire balcony $2. Entire orchestra $2.50. Loge seats $2.50. Boxes $5.00.

Horseshoer and Blacksmith.

Holmes & Gilfillan have secured the services of Mr. Geo. Weismantle, an expert horseshoer with years of experience, and was for 3 years on the Grand Circuit with C. J. Hamlin's well-known string of thoroughbreds, and who was also at the Jewett Stock Farm at East Aurora. Any kind of shoeing left in his charge will receive the most careful attention and you may rest assured that it will prove satisfactory.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LINCOLN.

Of Interest to School Directors.

By a law passed in 1903, the Superintendent of Schools of the several counties, is directed to call a meeting of the board of school directors of his county once in each year, and it is made the duty of said school directors to attend said meeting.

Before the first meeting, the Superintendent is to appoint a programme committee of five to arrange a programme of exercises for this meeting of directors.

The committee appointed by Superintendent Myers met at his office on December 14th, 1903, and was duly organized, John Bahan of Colegrove, Pa., being appointed chairman and Sheridan Gorton of Smethport, secretary.

The outline of subjects to be considered was prepared by the committee, and at no distant date the directors of the county, who are to present these subjects will receive information from the secretary of their assignment.

The law provides for the payment of the expenses of the directors, and three cents per mile travel fee by the school districts, and the Association of Directors gets from the county fund for the payment of expenses the amount of one dollar for each director present at the meeting.

This is a matter of considerable importance to the school interests of the State, and we would like to impress it upon the minds of those who are placed in this responsible position, the necessity of united effort in their work and this can be done in no better way than by meeting together and exchanging views upon the many subjects which will be brought up for consideration. We would therefore ask the school directors of the county to bear this fact in mind, and when the meeting takes place to give us a full attendance. It is supposed there will be an officer of the department present and also some outside speakers.

Each director will be fully informed not only of the time of meeting but of the subjects to be considered, and the names of those who are to present them.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Secretary.

In Memoriam.

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from the Normanly C. L. S. C. our esteemed friend and co-worker, Mrs. Millie A. Biever, therefore be it

Resolved, That death loves a shining mark and in this instance the insatiate Archer has stricken down in her prime, a kind wife, a devoted mother, a sympathizing friend and a noble woman.

Resolved, That in her death the circle loses a member who was willing, faithful and loyal to its interests.

Resolved, That as members of the circle we shall treasure in our memories her many virtues and strive to transcribe into our lives those admirable traits of character which she exemplified.

Resolved, That the members of the circle extend their sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the family in their sorrow and bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our circle and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of our departed sister.

MARY F. KEENAN,
HATTIE A. BROWNELL,
JANE N. FORSYTHE,
Committee.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 12, 1903:

Ben Buress, J. J. Doran 2, Michai Antonio Giovanni, Nicolo Guglielmini, Fred Horton, Clayton Irons, C. F. Irons Ernest Jones, Antonisi Liberite, Lathrop, Shaw & Henwood Co., Bengiman Moore, Lester Norton.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Purple Trading Stamps.

Headquarters for premiums at store of D. C. Young. Finest premiums ever offered. The week before Christmas, commencing Friday, Dec 18th, we will give DOUBLE TRADING STAMPS with all cash purchases. Come early and avoid the rush. Get your stamp book filled and get a nice premium for Christmas

D. C. YOUNG.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 14, 1903.

"Sleigh Bells," "Sleigh Bells"

If its sleigh bells you're looking for you'll find them here. String bells of all kinds. Graduated string bells with a large bell in the center graduating on each side to 1 inch on the ends. Shaft bells, top or bottom, in polished nickle or gold plate. Team bells, etc. A large assortment at a low price. Trading stamps given. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Sleighs and Cutters For Sale.

I have a full line of sleighs and cutters for sale and invite you to call and inspect them. I have everything from the finest made to the plain second-hand ones. Prices right and style and workmanship guaranteed. E. T. DALY,
Smethport, Pa.

Livery and Feed Stable.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them

CHAS. LINCOLN.

REVOLTING CASE FROM CROSBY

L. F. Brown Arrested on a Charge of Statutory Rape.

VICTIM IS 14 YEARS OF AGE

And Claims That Brown Has Been Intimate With Her For Two Years. Peculiar People.

Monday morning W. R. Mesler of Crosby appeared before Justice B. L. Knapp and made information which resulted in the arrest of his son-in-law, L. F. Brown, also of Crosby, on a charge of statutory rape. The victim in the case is Inez Mesler, the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. Mesler.

Brown was brought before Justice Knapp Monday evening by Constable E. W. Jones, who made the arrest. He did not seem to realize the enormity of the offense in the eyes of the law, nor did the father of the child, for actual overtures were advanced by them toward a settlement before the case was given a hearing. When informed that such a proceeding was unlawful Brown procured an attorney and the hearing was opened with Attorney Guy B. Mayo as counsel for the plaintiff and Attorney F. D. Gallup for the defendant.

W. R. Mesler was sworn and said in substance that he heard through another person, not present at the hearing, that improper relations existed between his daughter, Inez, and Brown and that upon asking the girl Sunday afternoon concerning the matter she told him a terrible story which resulting in his causing the arrest of Brown. Brown was married several years ago to a sister of the little girl, and the couple have two children, one 2 years and one about 5 months of age.

Inez is a bright-appearing girl rather large for her age, which, upon being sworn, she gave as 14 years. With natural hesitation she confirmed the revolting story. She had been criminally intimate with Brown for at least two years. He frequently slept with her and a younger sister, Ethel Mesler. His wife and two children occupied an adjoining room and the door between the apartments was left open. She said Brown's wife was ignorant of the state of affairs, although she knew he often occupied the same bed with her (Inez) and Ethel. She never made any objection or cried out as she knew it would cause trouble. The last time the crime occurred was Friday night, Dec. 11. Her aunt questioned her about Brown which resulted in her revealing to her father the story of their intimacy.

Brown was committed to jail, as the crime is one for which a justice of the peace cannot accept bail.

The evidence in the case disclosed a peculiar state of affairs and it seems rather surprising that no intimation of the awful proceedings ever came to light before, or if suspicions were aroused no action was taken. That the little girl's father was willing to stop proceedings after hearing her horrible revelation is also inexplainable to right-thinking people.

The case will not be brought before the court this week, owing to the illness of Ethel Mesler, an important witness. The court fixed Brown's bail at $1,000.

Another Italian Scrap.

Geo. Popu, an Italian, employed in the vicinity of Farmers Valley, came to Smethport Monday with a badly battered head and swore out a warrant for his assailant before Justice B. L. Knapp. He said that Sam. Bolkosh, a fellow countryman, pounded him on the head with a chair Sunday and displayed a severe wound as evidence. Constable E. W. Jones went after Bolkosh, but he had flown to parts unknown. Popu went to the county home for treatment.

"He and she born GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you wont regret it."

Notice to Taxpayers.

All persons owing borough taxes are hereby notified to call and pay the same on or before Dec. 20th, 1903. After that date they will be collected according to law with costs.

R. C. GLEASON, Col.

If you wish to make a relative or friend a beautiful Christmas present that will always be appreciated a kodak is the very thing. The Eastman kodak is the best in the world. You can get one at McCoy's Drug Store for from $1.00 up to $20.00.

Skates, Skates, Skates.

All kinds and sizes. Double runner ones for the little ones, ladies' and men's skates in polished or full nickel plate, racing skates, straps, etc. Skates sharpened while you wait, only 10c.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Books for Gifts.

Our stock of books for the holiday trade is unusually large. We have them to suit all ages and classes of readers from 7 to 70 years.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE.

Largest Deer Ever Shot

The large deer which was shot and killed in the Black Forest Region a few days ago by Clinton Carpenter of Leetonia, mention of which was made in these columns last week, was known to the hunters of that section as "Daddy." Old hunters declare that no larger deer was ever shot in Pennsylvania, for when "drawn" for market this splendid buck weighed a strong 340 pounds. A 300-pound deer has always been considered a mammoth animal indeed, deer of that weight are few and far between.

"Daddy" has for ten years or more been the talk of the Black Forest region. He had been shot at time and again, and always succeeded in getting away unharmed until he was brought down by the unerring rifle of Mr. Carpenter. The deer was as big as an elk, and the fact that he had at last fallen a trophy will take away considerable of the zest that has attended deer hunting in the Black Forest region, for every chap who hunted there during recent years lived in the delightful contemplation of catching sight of and perhaps getting a shot at "Daddy."—Wellsboro Gazette.

Farmers Institutes.

The attention of our farmers is called to the list of institutes to be held in this county this winter by the State Department of Agriculture, assisted by the local board of institute managers for the county. These meetings are in the interest of all our farmers, and open to all. The expenses of conducting them is borne by the State. No collections are allowed or the advertising of any business. The discussions are upon farm topics for the benefit of farmers. Arrange your business so as to attend and take part in the exercises. All classes of citizens are welcome, and interesting programs have been prepared.

The county chairman is L. W. Howden of Coryville, Pa., who will be glad to send programmes or information to any one who will make the request. The State speakers who will be present are Prof. R. S. Seeds, Prof. M. S. McDowell and C. W. Brodhead. The institutes will be held at Coryville, Stull's Hulls Dec. 28 and 29, and Port Allegany, Dec. 30 and 31. Come out to these meetings and bring your families and friends.

Dialogue.

Who has the largest and best stock of goods in town and at lowest prices for cash?

D. C. Young, at his store corner of Main and Union Sts.

Where will I find the Purple Trading Stamps?

At store of D. C. Young and at fourteen other stores in borough of Smethport associated with him in giving out Purple Trading Stamps.

Do you think the premiums given for Purple Trading Stamps are better than premiums offered by other dealers in trading stamps?

I do. To convince you, would ask you to go to store of D. C. Young and look over premiums which you will find the best ever offered for Trading Stamps.

Is any inducement offered to get a book filled with stamps, so that we can get premiums for Christmas presents?

Yes, D. C. Young is offering at his store on all cash purchases, Double Trading Stamps, for the entire week before Christmas.

Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

P. R. R. Winter Excursion Route Book

In pursuance of its annual custom the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East and South, giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Company this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Special Homeseekers Excursions.

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Extremely low rates to all points in the west and southwest. First and third Tuesday of each month to April, 1904. Good return limit. Full particulars of local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Two pairs of farm bobs for sale, $20 and $23. Good bargains. Call on E. W. Wokley, P. R. R. Station, East Smethport.

For Rent.

Three furnished rooms for light housekeeping, cor. Green and Mechanic Sts.

The Irish Lion

A Christmas Tale

By ERNEST JARROLD

Copyright, 1902, by Ernest Jarrold

"PAPA," said three-year-old Mary Rafferty, climbing upon her father's knee on the afternoon before Christmas, "Johnny Farrell says there ain't no Santy Claus. There is, ain't there?"

"Of course there is," said Patrick, a plasterer on strike. His wife, himself and Mary had been eating his winter overcoat for three days. There were three dried herrings and an onion in the closet.

"What time tonight will he get here?" said Mary.

"Oh, he'll come along about 2 o'clock in the mornin', Mary, God willin'. You know, he has a long ways to come in the reindeer sleigh."

"Where does he live?" asked the wide eyed child.

"Up at the north pole, allianah. He has a toy factory an' a candy shop up there. I had a telegraph message from him an hour ago, acushla, that said he was goin' to bring you a red wagon, a box of candy an' a big orange, if you are good."

This information was of so momentous a nature that Mary felt impelled to run into the other room and impart it to her mother.

Mrs. Rafferty came into the room, closing the door behind her, blazing with anger.

"You might be up to better business, Pat Rafferty," said she, "than tellin' lies to your little gurrl on Christmas eve, an' you knowin' well that all she'll get in her stockin' will be a dried herrin' or an onion. Here, take this crazy quilt an' see what Isaac will give you for it."

Pat went down the four flights of stairs, rustling at every step, for his waistcoat and trousers were lined with a double thickness of newspaper. He was an Irish Micawber, and he excused himself for his duplicity to Mary by muttering: "Ye can't tell. Somethin' may turn up."

The wind blew keen from the north-west, the snow crackled underfoot.

"DO YOU WANT TO EARN $5 TONIGHT?"

sleighbells jingled merrily, and on every side Pat saw evidences of holiday hilarity and plenty. He stopped before a baker's shop to breathe the rich odor coming up through the grating and to feast in fancy upon the mince pies and cake displayed with reckless prodigality in the window when he felt a touch upon his shoulder and heard a voice say:

"Turn around here and let me look at you."

Pat turned and saw a man wearing a tall hat, a fur lined overcoat and patent leather shoes who was critically scanning him from head to feet.

"How much do you weigh?" said the stranger imperatively.

"The last time I was weighed was hundred an' twenty was me weight, sir. But that was before the famine. I'm lighter now."

"Do you want to earn $5 tonight?"

"Anything short of murder, sir, would plase me."

"Well, come along, then. I'll tell you what you are to do as we walk. I am the stage manager of the Alhambra theater, and I want an actor."

"Is it a comedian or villyun you want, sir?"

"Neither. I want a man to play the part of a lion. The man who has been playing the part ran away with one of our chorus girls last night and took his costume with him. You are about the right size to wear the costume. You won't have to do any talking. All that is required of you is to growl and roar now and then. Do you think you can do it?"

"Faith, I can, sir. I'm hollow enough."

By this time they had reached the stage entrance to the Alhambra theater, where the great emotional drama "A Passion In the Jungle" was being produced. There were seventy persons in the cast, exclusive of the lion, whose duty it was to appear in the last scene and pounce upon the villain while he was in the act of abducting the heroine, a beautiful young woman in crimson tights. The costume which Pat was to wear was borrowed from an artist, who used it as a rug. Originally it had been the beautiful skin of a great Nubidian lion, but it had been in use for ten years and had become moth eaten and infested with fleas. It was also filled with dust. These incidental details formed a part of Rafferty's dramatic education.

Pat was turned over to the property man by the stage manager with the injunction to "keep him growling and roaring."

The house was filling up rapidly, which pleased the stage manager so much that he sent a super out to get a can of beer to keep the cobwebs out of the lion's throat.

Rafferty was conducted through a maze of African jungles, mountains

A CROWD OF DANCERS PRESSED AROUND THE LION.

and deserts to a small dressing room, where the lion's skin was carefully pinned over his clothing. He was then instructed to get down on his hands and feet and pull a string which connected with a powerful spring in the lion's tail.

"What 'll I do that for?" said Pat, spitting and coughing like a sick cat.

"Because you are an angry lion and must lash your sides with your tail as a lion always does when he is mad," said the property man.

Rafferty pulled the string, and the animated paint brush smote his sides like a carpet beater, producing a cloud of suffocating dust.

Sneezing and choking, the Irish lion gasped:

"Take off me head! I'm dyin' of the drouth!"

"No, no," said the property man angrily. "You can't take it off. Here, take this." And a tin patty blower was placed between his great jaws.

"Come here, girls," shouted a chorus girl, "and see the king of the forest drinking beer through a putty blower!"

A crowd of dancers in tights and scanty garments pressed around the lion, screaming with laughter.

"Poor fellow! He must be hot in there," said a soft hearted maiden, twitching the lion's ear.

"For God's sake, will some of you angels scratch me back?" The lion is at length "ain" me up," said Pat.

Just then a bell rang, and the girls disappeared in a twinkling.

"Now on, Pat," said the prompter. "It's pretty near time for you to go on."

The lion was taken to the side of the stage between two wings. Dimly he saw a brilliantly lit amphitheater filled with men and women. Upon the stage was a glade in a tropical forest, in the center of which a young woman sat upon a log, while at her feet knelt a military officer in a resplendent uniform.

"When he seizes her in his arms, Pat," said the property man in a whisper, "you are to creep out on the stage, lash your sides with your tail, roar and growl and then spring on his back. Do you understand?"

"Faith I do, sir," groaned Pat, "and do it if I don't die of suffocation."

It seemed to the perspiring, choking, baking Irishman that an eternity of waiting was crowded into the subsequent minutes. Then he felt a push and found himself out in the glare of the footlights. He tried to growl, but only succeeded in emitting an asthmatic sneeze. The only portion of the lion that worked was the tail, causing a dull, crackling, parchment-like sound. An audible titter ran through the audience. The distance between Pat and the villain was about ten feet.

"Jump, you fool!" came from the wings.

Gathering his legs under him, Pat launched himself into the air. He covered about half the distance, fell upon his hands and knees and rolled over upon his back. The supreme effort he had made in jumping had ripped open the lion skin. Scrambling to his feet, Pat stood trembling in the glare of the footlights. Perspiration had made rivulets through the dust which covered his red face. Dazed and confused, he stood in the center of the stage trying vainly to scratch himself where the fleas were thickest. A cyclone of laughter swept over the audience. There were catcalls from the galleries and shrieks of mirth from the women. Then the curtain came down with a rush, and Pat was jerked behind the scenes. The heroine, filled with rage, tried to scratch his eyes out. The prompter struck him with a barrel stave. Still the applause from the audience continued. Cries of "We want the Irish lion!" came from all over the house. "Fetch him out!"

"Get out in front of the curtain, you thickhead!" said the stage manager. "They'll have the house down."

Pandemonium broke loose when Pat appeared.

"Tell us all about it, Pat," said a wag in the orchestra.

"Yes! A speech! A speech!" came from the galleries.

And Pat, taking all this for applause, raised his hand and said:

"Ladies an' gintlemen, I'm a plasthereron strike. Me wife an' little Mary an' me were hungry, an' we—the clock, the carpet, the ladies an' bedstead, an' I was on me way to the crazy quilt when the manager—God save him—hired me to play the part of the lion. But the dust got in me throat an' the flees in me ears an' I couldn't roar. But I told Mary that Sandy Claus would bring her a little red wagon"—here Pat's voice broke a little; the dust was still in his throat—"an', begorra, he will! I ain't much of a lion for jumpin', but, faith, I kept me tail waggin', an' I wish ye all a merry Christmas."

Here an obese broker, with glistening eyes, arose in a box and, throwing a

"LEDDIES AN' GINTLEMEN, I'M A PLASTHERER ON STRIKE."

handful of silver on the stage, shouted:

"Boys, will Mary get her little red wagon?"

"She will! She will!" came in a mighty chorus from all over the house, accompanied by a silver rain.

Santa Claus arrived at the Rafferty residence in an automobile at 1 o'clock loaded down with silver, beer and oysters, still wearing the lion's skin.

Looking Into the Future.

A man—we'll call him Brown—was last year receiving congratulations because of the fact that he had at last succeeded in finding a member of the opposite sex who was willing to cook and make his bed for him for the consideration of a wifely title.

Brown was just week being congratulated because of the arrival of a son and heir.

Now Brown, by the way, was thirty-nine years of age when he married and consequently was well qualified to give his opinions as to the state of matrimonial affiliation.

"When do you think is the proper time for a man to marry?" he was asked one day this week.

Brown looked wise. "Twenty-one," he replied. "Look at all the years of happiness I've missed. Great Scott! If that son of mine does not get married when he's twenty-one I'll horsewhip him."

In such channels run the thoughts of newly made parents!

The Badger.

A writer on natural history has the following to say of badgers: "In hard winter weather the badger lies much in its earth, hibernating for long periods much after the fashion of the bear and sleeping, like that animal, with one paw in its mouth. In hard weather the beast closes up the mouth of its den and slumbers away its time for many days, even weeks, together. In milder weather it ventures forth again in search of food. In the business of digging the badger is one of the finest exponents in the world, making its way underground, even amid the greatest obstacles, with a strength, celerity and perseverance that are truly marvelous. I have always regarded the aardvark, the ant eater of South Africa, as the champion digger of the animal kingdom, having been witness of some of his exploits, but the badger takes a very high place in the art of getting underground."

PAT LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO THE AIR.

A Philosopher's Reasoning.

Aristippus was an earnest suitor to Dionysius for some grant, who would give no ear to his suit. Aristippus fell at his feet and then Dionysius granted it. One that stood by said afterward to Aristippus, "You a philosopher and be so base as to throw yourself at a tyrant's feet to get a suit!" Aristippus answered, "The fault is not mine, but the fault is in Dionysius, who carries his ears in his feet."

Light on Finance.

"Say, mister," began the rural citizen as he meandered into the village editor's presence, "I'd like tew git a leetle light on that air financial question."

"You didn't make any mistake in coming to me," replied the molder of public opinion, "for if there is any one on earth light on finance it is yours truly."

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.—Hare.

A LONG CHRISTMASTIDE.

Holidays That Extend Into the New Year.

While in this country, as in England, Germany and other parts of Europe, the joyous spirit of the Christmas festival is by no means limited to Dec. 25, but finds expression in many ways in the life and amusement of the people both before and after that day itself, comparatively little attention is paid here to the observance of the numerous designated holidays which in other lands go to make up Christmastide. The period opens with St. Thomas' day, which falls on Dec. 21, and closes with St. Distaff's day, on Jan. 7. The first named festival is known in some parts of England as "Doling day," on account of the distribution of the bounty of charitable individuals, and in most English cities at the present time the day is given up largely to the anniversaries of charitable societies and the distribution of benefits among the poor and needy. It is also the day chosen for the election of church officers, a custom adopted here in some denominations, and it appears also from the old rhyme that certain public officials were elected at the same time:

My masters all, this is St. Thomas' day,
And Christmas now can't be far off, you'll say,
And when you to the ward notes do repair
I hope such good men will be chosen there
As constables for the ensuing year
As will not grudge the watchman good strong beer.

As for St. Distaff's day, which closed the merry round of Christmastide, that anniversary is now rarely observed anywhere, but in the good old times in England it was not the least among the happy festivals of the year. It takes its name from the fact that on this day it was the custom for women to resume for a few hours their labors at the distaff or the spinning wheel. It was sometimes called "Rock day," in honor of the rock, which is another name for distaff.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

From the Gospel According to St. Luke, Chapter ii, Verses 7-20.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them: "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child."

And they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen as it was told unto them.

Druids and Mistletoe.

The Druids always sought the mistletoe by the full moon and, when they found it, rejoiced and worshiped. After cutting off its twigs with a golden sickle they sacrificed two milk white bulls beneath the tree. The sacred shrub was then immersed in water, and the resulting concoction became their remedy for all diseases. The early Christians would not permit the use of the mistletoe in their churches because of its heathenish origin; consequently it was hung only within the private abode and usually in the kitchen. Any maid caught standing beneath a branch had to forfeit a kiss to the gallant eagerly awaiting his opportunity. With each kiss a berry was plucked, and when all of the berries disappeared the bare branch was useless to the young man who wished to claim the privilege of thus saluting the fair damsel thereafter. The mistletoe was said to have been the original magical shrub or forbidden tree in the garden of Eden.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Christmas in Ninety In the Shade.

Christmas in the West Indies is very well observed. To meander about among palm trees or orange groves and fields of sugar cane on Christmas day, with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade, certainly has the zest of novelty to a northerner. If you are in the British West Indies on Christmas day your attention will be most attracted in all the Christmas gatherings of which you form a part, whether in the streets, the home or the church by the close association of whites and blacks. The "color line" is not a live question.

Her Sense of Humor.

"Is your wife's sense of humor very largely developed?"

"Yes, but in a blessed sort of way. The first time I made known my serious intention of marrying her she laughed at me."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

His Trip.

Owenlyts (coughing forcedly)—I've been advised that a trip abroad would be greatly to my benefit.

Sharpun—Who advised you—your lawyer or doctor?—Town and Country.

Bark Stairs Science.

In the household of the late Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, regius professor of medicine at Oxford, there was so much talk of natural science, particularly at table, that even the servants theorized about it more or less profoundly.

In one instance the butler gave notice that either he or the page boy must leave.

"What is the trouble?" asked the master. "Aren't you well treated?"

"Yes, sir. I've nothing to complain of in that way," replied the butler, "but no one can tell, sir, how trying it is to work all day in the pantry with a boy who believes the world was created in periods which I know it was created in days."

A maid who had lived in the household many years did not vapor about the subject of general interest or try to discuss it in a partisan spirit. She was asked one day if she understood what the professor had been telling them.

"Oh, I never thought of doing that!" She was questioned further, and it came out that her appreciation of the table talk was impersonal.

"I look across at the dear doctor," she said, "and I think to myself, 'You poor dear gentleman, how you are enjoying yourself!'"

A Diplomatic Official.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon III. he and the empress visited Normandy and had arranged to spend a couple of days at Evreux. M. Janvier de la Motte, who was the prefect, learned that the revolutionaries intended to kiss the sovereigns as they passed, and so he summoned the leaders of the movement and told them that he knew of their plot. "If you carry out your plan," said he to them, "you will get six months in prison. If you do not your friends will come out of convalescence and reason. As a way out of the difficulty I propose to lock you up at once until the emperor has gone." The conspirators accepted the terms offered them, and so the emperor was greeted only by cheers, as the revolutionaries, frightened at the arrest of their chiefs, had not dared to utter a sound. After the emperor and empress had gone the prefect went in person to release his prisoners, who had had such a pleasant time that they greeted him with cries of "Long live the prefect!" to which M. Janvier de la Motte, who was a man of wit, replied, "My friends, do not overdo it."

New York's "Diamond Rooms."

Only men and women who want to purchase an expensive set of jewels, say $10,000 worth or upward, get a glimpse of the "diamond rooms," as they are called, in the big New York jewelers' shops. Gems worth less than that usually are kept in show cases and examined in trays at the counters. But if a customer wants to make a larger purchase—a diamond necklace with pearl pendant worth from $40,000 to $50,000, for instance—he is shown into a parlor where he can examine the jewels more at his leisure and see the salesman weigh them on the most carefully balanced scales. These parlors as a rule are luxuriously but simply furnished and are convenient to the safes.

It is not an unusual thing during the holiday season for a salesman in a well established store to make three or four sales a day ranging from $12,000 to $30,000.—New York Press.

Soldiers and Weight.

These facts are given by two officers who conducted experiments to determine the effect of weight on soldiers in full marching order. The five men who volunteered as subjects marched a distance of fifteen miles and eighty-two yards. The different weights carried were forty-eight, fifty nine and sixty-five pounds. With the first weight it was found that a man of a moderate temperature could cover the distance with ease; in hot or close weather slight inconvenience was experienced, which disappeared when the march was over, so that the men could begin the next day as well as ever.

The weight of fifty-nine pounds did no harm in moderate weather, but proved fatiguing when it was hot, and effects were felt the next day. When the men carried the third weight the ill effects were very marked.

Willing to Assist.

There was a worthy Irish member of parliament who was so generous that a request for financial assistance was never refused. But his checks had one little drawback. They were never honored. The shortcoming, naturally in time became known, but it did not affect his popularity. A visitor to the district, hearing of the member's peculiarity, asked a leading politician how it was that public faith in the member was not shaken. "Why, sure, it is because he shows his willingness to assist but for lack of funds," was the reply.

From a Society Woman's Diary.

My milliner gave me a shock today. "When," said she, "does your ladyship intend paying me what you owe me?"

The ungovernable curiosity of low-born women! It made me blush for my sex.

I was not unkind to her. But I deemed it my duty to chide her, and when she spoke (rather petulantly, I thought) of starving I recommended her to cultivate poise.—Life.

Mme. Roland's Request.

When Mme. Roland was on the scaffold she asked for pen and paper to note the peculiar thoughts that hovered about her on the last journey. It is a pity they were refused, for in a tranquil mind thoughts rise up at the close of life hitherto unthinkable, like blessed inward voices alighting in glory on the summits of the past.—Goethe.

Letting Him Down Easy.

"I have a very unpleasant duty to perform," said the chief. "The management desires to dispense with your services."

The office boy heaved a deep sigh of relief. "Gee!" he said. "I fought for a minute youse was goin' to fire me."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keeler,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest,
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. B. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. G. B. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas K. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

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PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widows and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over W. Voorhees' Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bonnington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON: Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.
Office over D. E. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m.; 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa. Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor.
Larabee, Penn'a,
First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant,
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

WE DIDN'T BUY

a large assortment of

CUT GLASS,
JAPANESE, FRENCH
and GERMAN CHINA,
SILVERWARE,
BRIC-A-BRAC and
USEFUL HOUSEHOLD GIFTS

for Christmas, but what we did buy are of the finest and latest patterns. No old stock carried over. Come in now and take your pick before they are sorted over.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 17, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hussey on Friday last, a boy.

—Bell Bros., Olean, have a new advertisement this week.

—Millinery and fancy goods for the holidays are advertised by Mrs. Hinman this week.

—See the moving picture scenes from Old Ireland at the Lyceum Jan. 5, 1904. Benefit of St. Elizabeth's church.

—L. K. Hogarth has a fine line of Christmas goods advertised in this issue. Hawkes cut glass is one of his leaders.

—You will make no mistake if you attend the Clarion State Normal School. It is a fine school. Winter term begins Jan. 4.

—H. C. Wells has returned from the city with a large line of holiday goods. He always has a big stock and this season is no exception.

—Paul B. Davis of Reading killed a bear on the upper waters of the Sinnemahoning in Potter county last week which weighed over 500 pounds.

—If your friend is troubled with "cold feet" Anderson & Carlson can show you most appropriate holiday goods. See their new advertisement.

—Citizens of Little Genesee will build one mile of stone sidewalk at a cost of $1,800. The walk will be laid on the east side of the main street of the village.

—Smethport bowlers should organize a local league. There is plenty of material for five or six good teams in town and would furnish amusement and exercise for the winter.

—"Christmas Gifts" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. "Immanuel" is the morning subject. Christmas music, including a selection by the junior choir, will be rendered.

—Mrs. Katherine Eckel, who gained so much notoriety at the time the famous Biddle brothers made their escape from the western penitentiary at Allegany, was released from the institution the other day, having served out her full sentence for complicity in their escape.

—The example of the Illinois newspaper which has begun the issue of the Bible as a serial (a process that will require about 50 years) recalls the Texas editor who came across the Ten Commandments somewhere and was so struck with their excellence that he clipped the passage and ran it under the head of "Gems of Current Thought."—Springfield, Mass., Republican.

—As soon as the Shawmut line commences to run through trains between Hornellsville and St. Marys the passenger trains will haul a mail car and a postal clerk will handle the mail for the towns along the route.

—Alfred University has three debating contests scheduled for this year, one between a college team and the Cornell Congress, one between the Alleghanian Lyceum and Kenka College and one between the Orophilian Lyceum and the sophomores of Syracuse University.

—The second quarterly meeting for Farmers Valley circuit will be held at Farmers Valley, Dec. 19th and 20th, commencing at 2 p. m. on Saturday. The special meetings that have continued since Dec. 7th will probably continue the week following quarterly meeting. Everybody invited to attend. There is room for all. A. B. Sprague, pastor.

—The youngest deer hunter in the State of whom we know is Mack Dunkle of Jersey Shore, a nephew of Landlord Dunkle of the Sundbach House. The lad, who is only twelve, was out gunning recently and caught sight of a deer. The animal got away from him and after chasing it through the thicket for a half mile he bagged his game. It was a doe and weighed 125 pounds. He is a youthful deer slayer and no mistake.—Wellsboro Republican Advocate.

—The Scangetaha, formerly known as the Invincibles, were very pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe on Thursday evening, December 10. The forepart of the evening was very pleasantly passed in the usual manner, after which Mrs. Forsythe served an elaborate luncheon. After extending a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe, the guests departed. The next meeting of the club will be held at the home of Miss Nellie Masser.

—Pursuant to its usual custom, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will issue clerical orders for the year 1904 to ordained clergymen having regular charge of churches located on or near its line. Clergymen desiring such orders should make individual application for same on blanks furnished by the company through its agents. Applications should be sent to the general office of company as soon as possible, in no case later than December 19, so that orders may be mailed by December 31 to all clergymen entitled to receive them.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you wont regret it."

Richard Koenig is making 28 photographs for 25 cents. Call and see samples and leave orders at R. C. Gleason's studio.

Try buying your Christmas goods of Holder.

The Last Straw.

It was Saturday night, and owing to the temporary absence of his wife it fell to Mr. Brown to attend to the usual process of giving his eight-year-old son a bath and putting him to bed. He had left his evening paper with a man's reluctance and had hurried matters along with more speed than the little chap was accustomed to. However, he endured it all without a protest until it came to the prayer. It was his habit after "Now I lay me" to ask the divine blessing upon a long list of relatives and friends, calling each by name.

"Please God," he began, "bless papa and mamma, grandpa and grandma and Aunt Edith and Uncle George and"—A pause. His father, thinking to curtail the list of beneficiaries, softly insinuated an "Amen." Not heeding the interruption, the little supplicant drew a long breath and continued, "And Aunt Alice and Cousin Annie and—and"— Again his father said "Amen."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and, lifting his little head, he exclaimed, with tears of indignation, "Papa, who's running this prayer, you or me?"—Harper's Monthly.

Bravery Immortalized.

At an entertainment at which Nelson met Benjamin West just before he went to sea for the last time he remarked to the artist, "I never pass a printshop where your picture of the Death of Wolfe is in the window without being stopped by it." West, of course, acknowledged the compliment, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it. "Because, my lord," answered the artist, "there are no more subjects." "Blank it," said Nelson, "I didn't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with another scene, and if it should I shall certainly avail myself of it," the painter observed. "Will you," said Nelson, pouring out bumpers and touching his glass violently against West's—"will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle." He sailed a few days later, and West painted "The Death of Nelson."—London Chronicle.

Like the Lost Pins.

"Where do dogs which are out of style go to?" asked a dog fan. "We have rages of poodles, pugs, pet dogs, St. Bernards, bulldogs and hounds, and so on. And, sort as cast has his day the others disappear, till the one predominating style has its walk. Where do the others go to?

"You can't make over a bulldog into a poodle; you can't reduce the size of a St. Bernard. And yet as dog fashion call for a certain kind of a canine it can be had in numbers sufficient to supply all demands. I deal in dogs, and yet the problem puzzles me.

"I only know that when pug dogs are the correct thing I have a large number. When the demand falls off, I find I am stocked with another breed.

"What becomes of the others?"—New York Times.

The Memory Machine.

Amnesia, or loss of memory, is vitally interesting to the psychologists, as throwing some light on the nature of memory itself. A perfect act of memory consists of three distinct acts—preservation or fixation of certain states of the nerve cells, reproduction of these and, perhaps most remarkable of all, recognition of them as reproductions in their relations. Morbid states of the memory may refer to any of these phases of an act which is as marvelous as anything in nature. There are about 3,000,000,000 nerve cells in the surface of the human brain. They never die in health, and they are never replaced or added to. This is memory's machine.

The Dilettante Society.

An interesting old organization which formerly existed in London—the Dilettante society—originated with certain gentlemen who, having traveled in Italy, tried to encourage at home what they had enjoyed abroad. This society of lovers of the fine arts lasted 130 years. Walpole does not seem to have looked upon it with a very favorable eye, for he says, "The nominal qualification was to have been to Italy; the real one was being drunk."

Animals and Seasickness.

A French authority on seasickness makes the statement that cattle and giraffes are almost immune. Monkeys suffer considerably, but are cured by eating a raw onion. Horses suffer much, and some of them die from its effects. Tigers and elephants are also easily affected, whereas ice bears, accustomed to the movement of ice floes, are never so happy as when on shipboard.

Believed In Skilled Labor.

"The organist's wife told me this morning," said Mrs. Thornton, "that several of the pipes of the organ were out of order."

"Well," replied Mrs. Hadley, "I hope they'll get Mr. Jones, our old plumber, to fix them, and not those new plumbers that have just set up on the corner."

Accounting For It.

"I see," said his colleague, "that there were some questions asked at the trial to which you didn't object."

"Were there?" said the lawyer. "Perhaps I was out of breath."—Puck.

A Novelty to Him.

"Why do you always pick out the homeliest women to talk to?"

"I never saw any before. I come from Cincinnati, you know."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She Got It.

He. (time 11:30 p. m.)—And you will think of me when I am gone?

She. (suppressing a yawn)—I'll try to if you ever give me an opportunity.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say—"Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

The Birth of Advertisements.

The first periodical newspaper of the English press appeared in 1622, but advertisements were not developed till 1647. In April of the latter year was published, No. 18 of "Perfect Occurrences of Every Daie Journall in Parliament and Other Moderate Intelligence," which contained the following announcement:

"A Book applauded by the Clergy of England called 'The Divine Right of Church Government,' collected by sundry eminent Ministers in the Citie of London, corrected and augmented in many places, with a briefe Reply to certain Queries against the Ministery of England; Is printed and published for Joseph Hunscot and George Calvert and Are to be sold at Stationer's Hall and at the 'Golden Fleece' in the Old Change."

The London Gazette was the first newspaper to publish commercial advertisements, which soon began to occupy so much space that the proprietors, not wishing to "charge the Gazette with advertisements unless they be matters of State," issued a Special Advertisement Supplement, "printed apart and recommended to the Publick by another hand."

Older still is an advertisement in a black letter Dutch paper of an auction of sugar, ivory and tobacco held at the close of 1626.

Shaking Hands.

The custom of shaking hands originated in the ancient practice of adversaries grasping the weapon hand during a peace as a precaution against treachery. When two friends met they extended their weapon hands to each other as a sign that there was no need to stand on the defensive, and a handshake was but the natural outcome of a hearty and vigorous grasp.

Shaking hands appears to have become usual in the middle ages. Grasping hands made its appearance in early times as a legal act symbolic of the parties joining in compact, peace or friendship. This is well seen in marriage, where the hand grasp was part of the ancient Hindoo ceremony, as was the "dextrarum junctio" of Rome, which has passed into the Christian rite. We see it also used as a mere salutation, as where the Uresome acquaintance met by Horace in his stroll along the Via Sacra seized his hand.

Giving the right hand of fellowship (Galatians ii, 9) passed naturally into a salutation throughout Christendom.

Crossing the Feet.

Physical culturists say that the practice of sitting with the legs or even the feet crossed is a bad one and has more to do with cold feet than most persons imagine. It has this result principally through impeding the circulation of the blood in the leg that is crossed over the other. The femoral veins are cramped, with the consequence that the blood is dammed back into the feet and above the knee, inducing as well as cold feet a varicose condition in the veins of the calves. Another reason why the habit should be discouraged is the fact that on general physiological principles it is healthier to sit squarely with both feet resting upon the floor, whereas with the legs crossed the weight of the body is thrown almost wholly to one side or the other.

FREE!

We are going to give a fine Morris Chair away to purchasers of our Coffee. This chair cannot be bought at any furniture store for less than $10.00. Come in and ask particulars and get to using the coffee and get this handsome chair free.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

A CHRISTMAS OFFER.

I will enlarge a picture in Crayon or Sepia Work for only $3.00 with a good, suitable frame half a dozen different kinds of frames to select from.

Remember such a chance on first class and guaranteed work only comes once in a life time. Small pictures returned with the Portraits.

PLEASE READ THIS.

SMETHPORT, PA., Nov. 19, 1903.

To Whom it may Concern:

I certify that Mr. Chas. Mesler of Smethport, Pa., did some portrait work for me and that it was well executed and satisfactory.

THOMAS A. MORRISON.

Now don't forget the place and this offer is only good until Christmas.

Studio at residence.

CHAS. G. MESLER,
SMETHPORT, PA.
CORNER GREEN AND PINE STREETS.

"I am well now and enjoying better health than ever before in my whole life."

That is the statement of a woman who had never been well until she was made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There are a great many other women in like case. They have always been sufferers from disease. They have never known the joy of perfect health.

For all such women Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds out the prospect of perfect and permanent health, by the cure of the womanly diseases which weaken women. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"It gives me pleasure to let you know of the great benefit received from Dr. Pierce's medicines and the advice which you so kindly sent," writes Mrs. Bertie Parker, of Bonham, Fannin Co., Texas. "I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and followed your advice regarding the 'Lotion Tablets,' and am cured. I had been treated by different doctors and spent one hundred dollars for treatment and medicine, but received very little relief. I have only spent seventeen dollars and fifty cents for your medicine and it has cured me in three or four months of ulceration and falling of uterus. I suffered severe misery in my back, also irregular periods. Had bearing-down in lower portion of body and great pain all through my body. Pain in uterus was very severe. Had smothering spells, breath was very short all the time, had pain in stomach, pain in my thighs, pain in breast, also between my shoulders. Bowels constipated. I am well now and enjoying better health than ever before in my whole life. Am happy to tell you that I was cured by your good advice and good medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Pleasant Pellets' and 'Lotion Tablets.' These medicines cured me and will cure others also."

The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss, therefore accept no substitute.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Mail orders given prompt attention

SHOES!

Mail orders given prompt attention

SHOES! SHOES!

FOR

Men, Women and Children

All Sizes, Styles and Prices.

Now for Your Xmas Orders.

BACKUS & BACKUS,

319 W. State St.,

Mail orders given prompt attention

OLEAN, N. Y.

Mail orders given prompt attention

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's

For Fresh HOME-MADE CANDIES try us.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 17, 1903.

Announcement.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

W. P. BOOKWITH.

Ormsby, Pa., Nov. 4, 1903.

THE Cuban reciprocity bill was passed yesterday.

SECRETARY ROOT says that we are certain to have war. He does not say when or with whom, but he seems to feel certain that we must have a war before a great while.

THE President has selected W. I. Buchanan of New York to be the first United States Minister to Panama. Mr. Buchanan is an excellent man for this office and will fill the position admirably.

THE next Republican national convention will be held in Chicago. The convention will be held in June next. It is almost certain that President Roosevelt will be the unanimous nominee of the Republican party.

THE Governor of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania using the full power of that high office to further his own political schemes is a spectacle anything but edifying to the party which elevated him to the Governorship. It is announced that Governor Pennypacker is a candidate for a seat on the Supreme Court bench. There is nothing wrong in relinquishing the Governorship to accept a Supreme Court Judgeship, but thereby hangs a tale. A short time ago a vacancy occurred on the Supreme Court bench. In asserting a Governor's prerogative, Mr. Pennypacker filled this vacancy by appointing Judge Thompson, a Democrat, which non-partisan and excellent appointment was warmly applauded. The true reason for the act is now apparent. It leaves the way clear for the Governor in the Republican convention. "In appointing Mr. Thompson," said the Governor, "I have indicated so plainly that even the blind may see my opinion as to the kind of man who ought to be placed in that position." If the "kind of man" for appointment why not for election, and with what decency can the Governor in the same breath announce himself as a candidate against him? Everyone knows that the game of latter day politics is composed principally of prevarication and tricky dishonesty, but at the same time no one expected to see the Governor of Pennsylvania openly display such Machiavellian tactics.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec 14, 1903.

President Roosevelt's nomination as Republican candidate in 1904 is certain. During the past week his chances of being the choice of his party were discussed on all sides here and his indorsement was stronger than even his friends have anticipated. A dozen United States Senators and a score of national committeemen, who know the sentiment in their respective States, have given out interviews in which they state positively that the President is the only man to succeed himself. These statements were issued in reply to an editorial from a party paper in Ohio which questioned the advisability of nominating Mr. Roosevelt.

The opinion of the committeemen who are now in session here is especially important. Mr. George R. Sheldon of New York said that if Mr. Roosevelt could not carry the Empire State, he knew of no one who could. Governor Murphy of New Jersey declared his State was on record for the President without doubt. National Committeeman Brooker of Connecticut gave assurance that there was no question about the nomination of Roosevelt in his State. Mr. Van Fleet gave similar assurance for California. Iowa was certain according to Committeeman Hunt. Roosevelt sentiment in the State of Washington was expressed by former Senator Wilson, and Colorado's by Committeeman Stevenson. Of the Southern States, Virginia, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, Maryland and Missouri will send Roosevelt delegates to the national convention according to the assurances of their committee representatives attending the present meeting. Politicians from Ohio declared that Senator Hanna had a host of friends, but they knew he would not be a candidate. Other committeemen added their names to this list of Roosevelt indorsers and of all who expressed their opinions only two States, Alabama and Mississippi, were opposed to the President. In these States there had been quarrels over the federal patronage. Of course neither of them will count anything for the Republican candidate in the final election.

Senators Frye, Hale, Dolliver, Penrose and Platt of Connecticut were among those who issued statements earlier in the week to the effect that the President's nomination was certain. Opponents of the President's nomination have been crushed and no doubt silenced.

"All of interest to the Republican party that centers in this meeting can be told in one word, that is 'success.' And all that is necessary to bring about that result is to stand pat upon the principles and policies." These words from Senator Hanna, as he called to order the Republican national committee in its initial meeting at the Arlington Hotel, brought forth hearty applause. As the roll call of all the States was read there were but twelve absentees, who were represented by proxy. A blank proxy sent to Senator Hanna by an absent member was filled in by Perry S. Heath, the secretary of the committee, who will thus have two votes.

The first business before the committee is the selection of the city in which to hold the convention. Chicago and St. Louis lead in the contest, with the chances in favor of the former, although St. Louis is making a "very attractive proposition." Among the communications read by the secretary was one from a committee of New York citizens asking they be heard in executive session on the defense of the rights of disfranchised voters in the South, and another from the Economic League of New York asking a hearing on the question of the prevention of the growth of Socialism.

In the afternoon the members of the committee were received by the President. He knows nearly all of them personally and the greetings were cordial. Mr. Heath was not present at the reception. The committee will be in session several days.

High officials in the War and Navy Departments are watching closely events in Panama and are prepared to meet any emergency in carrying out the Administration's policy of protecting Panama against an attack from Columbia. War ships are patrolling each side of the Isthmus watching for Columbian troops and marines have been landed in several places for the same purpose. Three or four regiments of the army are ready to be rushed to the Isthmus from New York and Newport News, in case the Navy Department cannot cope with the situation. For several days it has been reported and also denied, that 1,100 Columbian troops were landed from Cartagena, near the Atrato river on the Gulf of Darien and near Panama's boundary. Their purpose is to march overland to the cities of Panama and Colon. As such a march is extremely difficult, if not impossible, and as it would take at least a month the War Department will have plenty of time to intercept the invaders.

Such warlike action on the part of Columbia is strongly deprecated by Dr. Herran, the charge d'affaires at Washington and General Reyes, who is commander-in-chief of the Columbian forces. Owing to Secretary Hay's illness, General Reyes has been unable to see him to terminate his mission. It is known that the general has informed his government that there is no hope of prevailing on the United States to retrace its steps and that the only chance of accomplishing anything is to secure satisfactory peace terms with the new republic.

The canal treaty has been sent to the Senate and is now in the hands of the committee on Foreign Affairs. President Roosevelt's justification of the Administration's course contained in his message has met with general approval among Republicans. There is no doubt that the few Democratic votes necessary to get two-thirds majority of the Senate will be easily secured. After obtaining the floor for a speech on Cuba, Senator Morgan made another bitter attack on the Panama policy of the President. It looks as if Senator Hoar of Massachusetts would also oppose the Administration, although he is a Republican. Southern politicians, however, are warning the Democrats not to make an issue out of the Panama affair.

A commission to consider and recommend legislation for the development of the American merchant marine is provided for in the bill introduced in the House by Representative Gardner of Massachusetts. The commission is to be composed of the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of Commerce and three members each of the House and Senate. It is to investigate and report to Congress at its next session what legislation is desirable for the development of the American merchant marine, commerce and a national mail service.

G. E. Smith of Eldred, Pa., will pay cash for buckwheat or will grind it for you. He has, in connection with his feed mill, just put in one of the best Roller Process machines made. This includes a fine "cleaner" and "huller." He can do as good a job as can be done anywhere. Try him.

WANTED—To buy an old safe, medium size, for shop. Must be cheap for cash. Address Chas. Phalon, Newerf, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration c. t. a. on the estate of J. J. Hughes, late of Annin township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to John C. Brown, residing in Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to Gorton & Richmond, attorneys, Smethport, Pa.

JOHN C. BROWN,
Administrator c. t. a.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1903.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of George M. Morrison, present residence at Hazelhurst, Penna., for transfer of Bottler's license granted to Chas. E. Brown at June sessions 1903, to bottle and sell malt and brewed liquors in quantities of not less than twelve pint bottles at frame building situate on Lot No. 10 on Randall St., in the Village of Hazelhurst, Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Penn'a, will be heard by the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at the Court House in Smethport on the 26th day of December, A. D. 1903, at one o'clock p. m.

THOMAS H. MORRISON,
Att'y for Petitioner.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

Make it a point to visit Olean's largest Dept. Store between now and Christmas to see it in Holiday Trim. Five large floors filled with DESIRABLE AND SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE.

LADIES WINTER COATS

If you haven't bought that new coat yet do it at once and make yourself a Christmas present. At the present writing there are just 102 Ladies' winter coats in stock. Many of them are marked just as low as you can buy them in February. The rush of the season is over, that's the reason on the $8.00, $10.00 and $15.00 coats are great values.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

The Holiday Stock is Now Ready.

Our store is now almost entirely devoted to the display of Holiday Goods. We have put in an unusually large line this year and invite your inspection.

We have everything to please the careful Christmas buyer.

TOYS, BOOKS and GAMES
for the little ones.

CUT GLASS, PICTURES, BOOKS, PURSES and BRIC-A-BRAC
for the older ones.

But we have not time to tell you about it here. Come into our store and look over this mammoth stock and come early for goods are going fast.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

The only place
in town to
find SANTA CLAUS.

Mrs. M. L. Bisett.

5 and 10 CENT STORE.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

PUZZLED?

If you are like many Holiday shoppers you are at a loss as to what to buy.

Come to us and we will please you.

SLIPPERS
AND
WOOLEN GOODS

For Ladies', Gents and Children

will make a suitable gift. Call and see them.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

This Store Will Be Closed All Day Xmas.

CHRISTMAS
Will Soon Be Here.

The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year. "It's hard to find things to give men." If you find it so, a visit here will help you to decide and afford you relief.

Our store is full of articles suitable for a man's Christmas. Run your eyes down the list. You will certainly find some you would be delighted to have.

Overcoat	Suit
Smoking Jacket	Neckwear
Gloves	Suspenders
Night Robes	Bath Robes
Shirts	Collars, Cuffs
Hosiery	Cap
Muffler	Umbrella
Rain Coat	White Vest
Shirt Protector	House Coat
Handkerchiefs	Sweater, &c., &c.

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS

D. C. Young's Department Store.

Headquarters for Purple Stamp Premiums, the finest premiums ever given in this town. So save your purple stamps as you are sure to get a valuable premium for every book you fill.

Call and look over my stock as I have just received a line of new goods and can save you money on Rubber goods for men, women and children.

BOOTS & SHOES,
NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, &c.

And always a fresh line of groceries on hand, also hand-picked apples.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 1, 1903.

GOODS DELIVERED.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

A CHRISTMAS STORE.

full of the things that men and boys like to wear. We'd need a newspaper of our own to rightly tell all that this store contains. We won't begin, for where would we start? Just skim over a few items.

New neckwear—fantastic shapes, colorings and weaves.
Mufflers—rich and beautiful.
Umbrellas—handsomely decorated handles.
Dress Suit Cases—all leather, called Tip-Top because there's none so good—$5.00.
Fancy Suspenders—in boxes 50c to $2.50 a pair.
House Coats and Dressing Jackets.
Lastly: Expect us to have what you want.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The B[illegible] Clothing Store

We are sole selling agents for the

Clone-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

RED STAMPS **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** RED STAMPS

Handkerchief Day.

Double Stamps until 12 o'Clock. Single Stamps after 12 O'Clock.

Always useful and acceptable, the handkerchief takes a very important part in the gift problem at Christmas time. We are showing a fine line of Ladies', Men's and Children's this season. Prices from 3c to $1.50 each.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22, is the date of this Special Handkerchief Sale. Don't forget as we are showing exceptional values on this day.

Holiday Gifts for All.

FOR LADIES	FOR MEN	FOR CHILDREN
Cloaks	Hats	Coats
Furs	Caps	Furs
Suits	Shoes	Shoes
Rain Coats	Smoking Jackets	Gloves
Shoes	Shirts	Mufflers
Slippers	Slippers	Garters
Neckwear	Ties	Dolls
Gloves	Mufflers	Tam O'Shanters
Dressing Sacques	Gloves	Toques
Umbrellas	Handkerchiefs	Games
Rugs	Umbrellas	Perfumes
Handkerchiefs	Gaiters	Stick Pins
Hand Made and Hand Painted China	Watch Fobs	Bracelets
Fancy Vases	Watch Chains	Rings
Mirrors	Cuff Buttons	Brooches
Perfumes	Stick Pins	
Brooches, Rings	Suspenders in Fancy Boxes	

Also innumerable useful things which we have no time to mention.

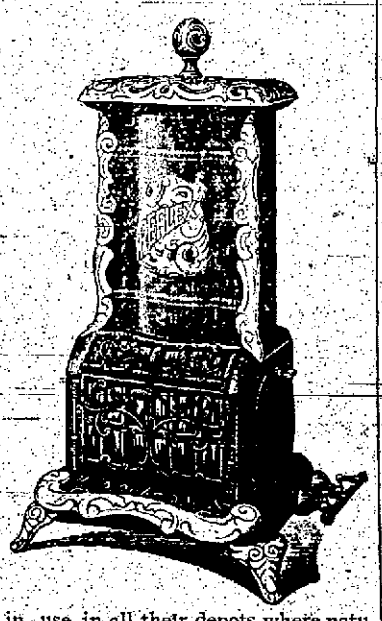
Picture Day.

Double Stamps in Forenoon. Single Stamps After Noon.

FRIDAY, DEC. 18, we will place on sale 310 Art Pictures in round, oval, square and oblong mats. New, Beautiful Subjects in Black and White and Colors, Worth 15c to 25c. Your Choice this day 10c.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 17, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See the new advertisement of "The Fair."

—Brasted is advertising home-made candies this week.

—The open season on pheasants and rabbits closed Tuesday last.

—Lynn Hopper of Belmont is at the home of his parents in town, suffering with an attack of quinsy.

—W. W. Seymour has been appointed train dispatcher and agent for the B., B. & R. railroad at Bradford.

—Miss Charlotte Bard is critically ill in Washington, D. C. This will be unpleasant news to her many friends in Smethport.

—E. J. Atherton and F. W. McMillan will indulge in a wrestling match at the Port Allegany opera house Saturday night for a purse of $300.

—Bradford has contributed about $2,000 for the relief of the fever sufferers at Butler.

—Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in place of well-known and advertised articles.

—McCoy's Drug Store doubles its advertising space in telling of its large line of holiday gifts. Read it carefully.

—The relatives of the late John A. Nelson wish to thank their many friends who kindly assisted them during their bereavement.

—A masquerade ball will be given by the O. W. G. Club at Rew City Christmas night. See advertisement in another column.

—A special feature of the entertainment at the Lyceum Jan. 5, 1904, is an excellent picture of the launching of Shamrock III.

—Edinboro Normal offers free tuition to prospective teachers. Send for catalogue. Winter term begins Dec. 28th. John F. Bigler, Pris.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. enlarge their space to tell of their mammoth holiday display. The stock is certainly large and carefully selected.

—Miss Rena Gallup has resigned her position as organist at the M. E. church. Miss Gallup intends to leave in January for the south where she will spend the winter.

—James McKean entertained the Smethport members of the C. M. B. A. organization at a 6 o'clock dinner at his home on East Main street Saturday afternoon.

—A "Farmer Masquerade" was the feature of the dancing school afterdance last night. The costumes were grotesque and amusing. All had a delightful time.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford now has the largest number it has ever had enrolled. The prospects are very bright for a large number after the holiday season is over.

—The entertainment given by the Rogers Lyceum Co. receives very complimentary notices from press and pulpit. At the Lyceum Jan. 5, 1904, benefit of St. Elizabeth's church.

—The present year has been a hard one for theatrical troupes and many have been forced to quit for lack of attendance. Two shows booked for the Lyceum this month have disbanded.

—The masquerade ball to be given at Rew City Christmas night promises to be a great success. A Bradford orchestra has been secured and a professional costumer will be present. The dance is $1.00 and supper extra.

—In the district court of Cherokee county, Texas, Allen Brown, a negro, convicted of attempted assault, was sentenced to 1000 years in the penitentiary. Under the law the jury couldn't impose a death sentence.

—The Kaffir Boy Choir is billed to appear in neighboring towns during the next few weeks. This is a first-class organization that appeared in Smethport about two years ago and would draw a large crowd should it again visit this town.

—The engagement of Mr. Harry Freeman and Miss Ida Warshofsky, both of New York city, has been announced. Mr. Freeman lived in Smethport for a number of years and his many friends here will unite with the MINER in extending congratulations.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. There will be service on Monday, Dec. 21st (St. Thomas' Day) at 8 a. m. The subjects of the Sunday lessons will be, "Love and Judgment" and "The Incredulity of St. Thomas."

—The situation at Butler is but little if any improved. Up to last night there had been 61 deaths from typhoid fever and about 1,500 have had or are suffering with the disease. Clara Barton, president of the Red Cross society, has been there during the past week lending all the aid possible. Donations are coming in fast, but not as fast as needed.

—The Bennett-Moulton Co., a theatrical organization that recently showed in Bradford and while there three members of the troupe were stricken with typhoid fever, one of whom has since died, continues to travel in hard luck. While in the eastern part of the State they were compelled to remain in their car owing to a small-pox suspect being among them.

—The Rogers Lyceum Co. will present "Dogmas of the Faith," or "The Catholic Doctrines Illustrated," at the Lyceum Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1904. One hundred beautifully colored pictures will be shown, accompanied by an explanatory lecture by Mr. H. A. Starkweather. The entertainment will be given for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's church, Smethport, and is deserving of liberal patronage. General admission 50 cents. Children 25 cents.

—"Would the American Indians have become civilized if left to themselves?" was the subject of a debate held in the 7th grade of the Smethport schools last Friday afternoon. The debate created great interest, not only among the pupils of the school, but with many citizens, and a number of people visited the school for the purpose of listening to the arguments which were surprisingly well prepared when the age of the debaters is taken into consideration. The judges after mature reflection decided that the affirmative side had the best of the argument.

—Dr. I. B. Washburn of Rensalaer, Ind., is dead as a result of a curious blunder, made during an operation performed two years ago. Dr. Washburn had complained of a pain in his side ever since the operation but did not know the cause of the trouble and recently decided on a second operation. The operating physician was amazed to discover in the patient's side, near the liver, a steel forcep, about six inches in length. The forceps had become rusty. Dr. Washburn died a few hours after the operation. His son, who also is a doctor, says the forceps caused death.

Stockholders' Annual Election.

Take notice that a meeting of the stockholders of The Smethport Water Co. will be held at the general office of the company in Smethport, McKean Co., Pa., on the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1903, at two o'clock p. m. of said day for the election of directors of said company.

ALVIN B. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 27, 1903.

The Bear Hunt

and The Kicking Mule, the greatest banks made for the young ones. Toys new and novel features, express wagons, skates, sleds and innumerable things for young and old can be found at

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Holiday goods arriving daily at Holder's. Stop in and see them. Silverware, jewelry, etc., at prices to suit the times.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Conductor David Barr spent Sunday in Kane.

Will Collinge of the Kane Republican did jury duty this week.

S. W. Smith of Port Allegany had business in town this week.

J. S. Walker returned from a business trip to Pittsburg last Saturday.

J. J. Roberts of Ceres was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday.

D. A. Dennison, editor of the Bradford Era, was a caller at this office on Tuesday.

Editor John P. Herrick of the Bolivar Breeze had business in town the first of the week.

Attorneys John E. Mullin and E. J. Ryan of Kane were court attendants this week.

Peter Wagner of Mt. Alton had business at court Monday and made this office a pleasant call.

Dr. H. L. McCoy was called to Washington, D. C., Tuesday by the serious illness of Miss Charlotte Bard.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Klocks of Covington, Pa., were guests at the home of Mrs. Klocks' brother, John Youmans of Smethport last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Youmans left home Thursday last for a Christmas visit with their daughters and friends in Westfield, Pa., and surrounding towns.

Low Rates West via Nickle Plate Rd.

Special one way colonist tickets to points throughout the west and southwest, on sale first and third Tuesday each month to April, 1904. If going west this winter see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you won't regret it."

The Parker Lucky Curve fountain pen makes a most appropriate gift for Christmas. McCoy's Drug Store has a large stock ranging from $1.50 to $8.00.

Lehmier's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

The Fair,

22 MAIN ST.

To Make Christmas Shopping Easy

Go to The Fair, Bradford, Pa.

The days before Christmas are short and few and the old year's clock seems to be in an awful hurry to get around, so rapidly do the days go by. To make decisions quickly, and be satisfied with them you must go where the best holiday things and the greatest varieties are, and where you get the best and most satisfactory service, and that is, THE FAIR.

LAST WEEK'S TALK

related to the main to Coats and Furs—a sensible topic at this season—with the present weather, we don't think it out of place to further dwell on the same subject.

Furs in Fashion.

Santa Claus sets the fashion for this time of the year by wearing Furs himself. And it goes without saying that he will carry many a handsome fur in his Christmas pack—from The Fair. For he's discerning—knows where furs that are reliable, properly cured and fairly priced, may be had.

We had a successful sale of an agent's sample line of furs last Wednesday. There's remained quite a few choice pieces of the big lot which are waiting for purchasers—at sale price, of course.

Holiday Goods

will be found here in profusion. We could mention a few lines in this limited space but will forego that for fear we may leave out a suggestion that may have just suited you.

The Fair,

22 Main Street,

R. R. Building, - Bradford, Pa.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12.50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands on its merits. Call or write, WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as Bromo-Persin. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, Bromo-Persin is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at [illegible] a bottle. It proves as a boon to mankind and womankind.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

HOLIDAY GOODS

OPENING THIS WEEK.

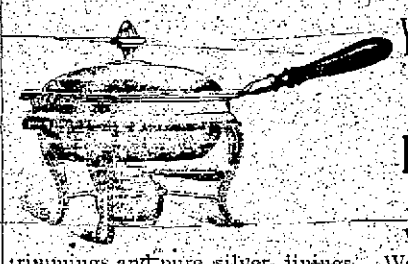
SPECIAL PICTURE DISPLAY

The early Christmas shopper is the satisfied one. Perhaps last year you were one of the late ones and suffered the annoyances of crowded aisles and delay in getting served. These things are bound to exist during the last week or two as we cannot get salespeople enough to wait upon everyone promptly in the last few days.

Make your selection now and enjoy the advantages of the best of service and complet assortments of

Toys	Furs	Handkerchiefs
Games	Work Boxes	Neckwear
Sleds	Sterling Silver	Gloves
Juvenile Books	Calendars	Umbrellas
Childrens Chairs	Toilet Sets	Men's furnishings

FRY & HERZOG.



You Have Seen the Rest NOW BUY THE BEST

All Copper, Nickle-Plated Ware, with white metal trimmings and pure silver linings. We offer for your selection many new and pleasing patterns in

Tea and Coffee Pots,
Tea Kettles and Tea Kettle Insets,
Five O'clock Tea Kettles,
Cream Pitchers, Sugar Bowls, Spoon Holders,
Butter Dishes, Tea Cups, Child's Cups,
Baking and Chafing Dishes,
Cake, Bread and Fruit Trays,
Crumb Trays and Scrapers.

Trading Stamps Given.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Gifts for Christmas.

DIAMONDS.

We can undersell all competitors for fine goods and give a guarantee for good value that you don't get elsewhere. As low as $7.50. As high as you like.

SOLID SILVER	UMBRELLAS	BRIC-A-BRAC
CUT GLASS	NOVELTIES	SILVER DEPOSIT
FINE CHINA	DESK SETS	OPERA GLASSES
ELECTRIC BRASS	SMOKING SETS	DINNER CALLS
LEATHER GOODS	TOILET SETS	SILVERWARE
HALL CLOCKS	CHAFING DISHES	BRASS ETCHINGS

Don't Miss Seeing This Large Stock.

WATCHES.

If you want a good timepiece we have them in Elgin, Waltham, Hampden and Swiss. Take your choice. They are guaranteed the same.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square.

Bradford, Pa.

SANTA CLAUS is here in full blast.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block — **THE FAMOUS** CLOTHING STORE. — Smethport Penna.

It Is False

economy to buy a shoddy Cotton Overcoat or Suit at $7.00 or $8.00 (said to be wool but isn't) when you can get here a GUARANTEED

ALL WOOL SUIT or OVERCOAT at **$9.50**

They are stylishly tailored and well fitting garments and $12.00 for either would be agreat bargain. This offer is worth your investigation before buying elsewhere.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

Wm. Monheimer.

THE MODEL AT VIVON'S

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The model at Vivon's had fainted.

It was in the middle of the morning sitting, the very apex of intensity in the lesson. Little Vivon moved lightly and restlessly here and there from one easel to another, his small, black eyes mere high lights of sparkling eagerness under their heavy brows. He smoked his short, thick pipe and glanced from the charcoal studies to the slim white figure on the platform.

The sunlight poured full into the long, bare atelier. Suddenly the model swayed ever so slightly and sank to the floor.

Some of the girls gave quick, frightened cries, and Jean Laurier glanced up with a smothered exclamation of angry dismay over his unfinished sketch. From the first easel to the right of the platform the American student, Hal Crane, sprang to the platform and raised her head on his arm. It was such a young head. The loose, warm tinted hair lay softly against his shoulder, and he noticed for the first time how thin the small, piquant face was.

Vivon hopped excitedly the length of the room and waved his small plump hands for order.

"It is nothing," he said. "She is fatigued, it is so warm. Can you carry her, M. Crane?"

Could he carry her? Crane smiled grimly as he raised the slender figure in his arms. Why, his little sister Bess, back in Crawfordsville, Mo., was heavier than this. He followed Vivon from the atelier away from the battery of amused, curious eyes to the artist's private den.

"Ma foi," laughed petite Yvette, her eyes narrowing critically, "that was not bad, that last. I think I shall faint, too, and let le gros Crane waltz me off in his arms."

Laurier leaned lazily over her shoulder and sernwhl a rough caricature on the corner of her paper.

"Like that?"

She boxed his ears soundly and reached a greedy little hand after the box of bonbons Elsie Tigot was passing. The model was forgotten.

"Lay her there," Vivon nodded to a corner divan in the inner studio heaped high with pillows, sketches and costumes. Crane ruthlessly pushed the latter off with his foot to make room for his burden. He laid her down gently and held to her lips the glass of water Vivon brought.

"It is just faintness, yes?" asked Vivon anxiously.

Crane stared thoughtfully at the white face among the pillows. He had been hungry once back in the first days of the battle. The little home in Crawfordsville had sent him out to the great city of his dreams, and only long afterward had the fight been his own. He thought he recognized the look that comes to those who are ranked by the wolf.

"I think that she's just about starved," he said bluntly. "Get some wine or brandy or something."

Vivon obeyed. The Americans had a way that made men obey.

"Who is she?" asked Crane when he had managed to get a few drops of brandy between the pale lips.

"One of Ribaut's models." Vivon answered nervously. The sounds from the atelier were not conducive to peace of mind. Yes, she was a new one. Ribaut had sent her to him yesterday, and he had engaged her for the poise, the grace, the turn of the head, that line from the tip of the ear to the slope of the shoulder. She did not pose for the life classes, merely for drapery and the poise effective. And the name—it was in his notebook.

He took it out and read from the latest entries:

"Virginia Wade."

"American?" asked Crane, using more brandy as he saw a flutter of the eyelids.

"But, yes." Vivon shrugged his shoulders. "When they come over and are poor they must do something. Some are so proud they hide away and starve, and some put up the grand fight."

"Where does she live?"

Crane glanced up. The little artist had gone back to the atelier as a fresh crash sounded, with Yvette's peal of laughter ringing above it.

When the girl's eyelids opened he smiled down at her in a friendly fashion.

"Feel better?"

"I guess so." She hesitated and added, with a scared look in her dark blue eyes, "Did I faint in there?"

"Oh, yes; that was nothing. Lots do." Laurier had said the American had reduced cheerful lying to an art. "It's so hot there in the mornings, you know."

There was a quiver of hopeless disappointment around the curves of her mouth, and he knew what troubled her. There was a five franc piece in his pocket. He laid it unblushingly on the tabouret beside her.

"Vivon said that was yours. He couldn't wait, but he said to come tomorrow, and this is for the two sittings."

Her eyes brightened with surprise, and he knew his surmise had been right.

"I must go home," she said, trying to rise from the cushions.

"Wait while I get a carriage." Crane started for the door decidedly. "I'll send one of the girls to help you."

She thanked him with a smile that made him whistle as he went down two flights three steps at a time. When he returned he carried her down to the carriage with a masterfulness that asked no permission, and she did not demur when he took the seat beside her.

It was not hard to find her "sky parlor," as Crane called it mentally, on the Rue des Sœurs Claires. He called there the next evening, and she met him at the head of the dusty landing with a shy dignity and led the way into her attic apartment as if it had been a Louis Quinze reception room in pink and gold. A young girl, younger even than herself, sat in an easy chair by the window and smiled up at him.

"This is Lucille, my sister," Virginia said simply. Crane's quick eyes noticed the slim pair of crutches leaning beside the chair. He knew why she had posed at Ribaut's and Vivon's, why she had not hidden her poverty and starved in silent pride.

The next time he came he brought flowers for Lucille, and a new grateful friendliness flashed in the other's blue eyes.

It became a regular thing, that walk home from Vivon's to the Rue des Sœurs Claires. She showed him some of her sketches, and Crane promptly took a bunch under his arm and hawked them around the art stores with a devout persistency his own had never known. Before a month had passed she had picked up odd work coloring pen and ink proofs for one of the weeklies, and at last there came a day when she left Vivon's for good, and the future was full of hope.

"And we shall see, la-la-la, we shall see now," hinted Yvette. "He is in earnest, le gros Crane. The wedding bells will go ding-a-ling, and the little white faced Virginia will have roses in her cheeks."

"It's all your doing," Virginia told him that night when they parted at her door. "I was worn out and heart sick that day when I fainted, and you cheered me, and—and"— She faltered and held out her hand to him. There was a five franc piece in it. "Please take it back," she said. "Vivon told me, and I think it was just splendid of you."

Crane flushed hotly, but he took it. He knew her pride and that to her it was a debt of honor.

"And after today, what?" he asked. "I shall miss the walk home, and you will forget Vivon's and me."

She bent her head low over the bunch of pink roses he had given her for Lucille, and something in her silence gave him courage.

"Virginia, if you would only give me the right to sweep you and Lucille away from this sky parlor and the struggle that never ends! I'm strong and have gained a footing, and you could study then"— he rambled on with boyish helplessness. "I've loved you ever since that day at Vivon's when your head lay on my shoulder, and I wanted to lift you up and carry you away from it all—Laurier and Yvette and old Vivon and all of them. You seemed so different and little and alone."

She was silent still, and he waited. Out over the city some bells were ringing slow, sweet chimes, and the sparrows were twittering sleepily around the eaves of the sky parlor over their heads.

One of the roses fell at her feet and he raised it tenderly.

"Do you think I had better go?" The dark blue eyes looked up at him at last, and he bent toward her eagerly. "Virginia, sweetheart?"

She held the roses close to her lips and smiled at him over them.

"Won't you come up and tell Lucille?" she said softly, and he followed her up the long, dusty stairs to the sky parlor.

Music as Medicine.

From the days of Saul and David music has no doubt been the means of alleviating, if not of actually curing, many serious cases of mental disease. Modern experience has proved this conclusively, and many instances may be quoted from ancient history.

Pythagoras commended music in the treatment of the insane, and Thales, when a pestilence ravaged Sparta, found in music his most powerful means of combating it. Democrates soothed maniacs by it, and Theophrastus held that even the bites of venomous reptiles were rendered less fatal by subjecting the victims to the influence of melody.

When Philip of Spain was in a morbid and desponding condition, Farinelli, the vocalist, was sent for by the queen, with a party of musicians, to sing and play in the adjoining room. The effect was a speedy and rapid cure.

Both Buckman and Hafeland relate instances in which music has cured cases of St. Vitus' dance, and Becker and Schneider demonstrated practically its influence in different cases of hysteria.

The Conscientious Citizen.

"This conscience doth make cowards of us all," said the thoughtful and sanctimonious citizen as he stepped off a Druid Hill car.

"Yes?" said his friend.

"Now, if there's one thing I'm conscientious about it's about extravagance."

"Yes, I noticed that," murmured the friend.

"This morning I started downtown in plenty of time to have walked to the office. A car came by me, and, largely through force of habit, but more through man's natural laziness, I hopped it."

"Yes?" said the friend.

"I hadn't any more than got on that car than my conscience began to upbraid me for the unnecessary extravagance in little things. It kept worrying me so much that I was just impelled to atone for the reckless step by beating the conductor and thus saving my nickel after all, since which time my conscience has been perfectly clear."—Baltimore American.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

LIGHTNING IN THE ROCKIES

It Is One Continuous, Dumbfounding, Awe Inspiring Performance.

If the reader of this has never been in a mountain thunderstorm at an elevation of 7,000 feet or more he has missed an experience that will doubtless should he ever pass through it add several gray hairs to his head. To me a thunderstorm back east held no special terrors, and frequently I have been out in such a demonstration without feeling any especial nervousness. Up here on the Rocky mountains things are different, and I confess now to live in awful, abject terror of a thunderstorm, especially at night, in my tent. I suffer this terror notwithstanding the fact that so far the storms have in every instance except one gone around or beneath us without even raising enough to wet the ground. But it is the "going around and beneath" that gets on to my nerves. In the first place imagine what it is to be one and one-half miles nearer a rip roaring thunderstorm than one is at Pittsburg. There you have occasional flashes of lightning; here it is one continuous, dazzling, awe inspiring performance. The lightning strikes, too, for it is no uncommon thing during a storm to hear the rocks splintering and cracking where one especially vigorous bolt has landed.

Add to this nerve rackling exhibit the most awful detonations of thunder that you can imagine and a "straight blowing" wind that sometimes makes the flaps of your tent play a ragtime melody, and you have some idea of a mountain thunderstorm. The thunder is worse than the sound of a mighty battle. It bangs up against the mountain side and reverberates and rolls off into one ear splitting concussion after another until you, lying quaking in your tent, fully believe that the next "boom" will split the mountain and valley in twain and land you in China or some other seaport town.

I lay one night and with chattering teeth counted five distinct thunderstorms come up to the edge of the plateau on which my tent stands and each time go through with an electrical performance that would give a stone man a dumb ague, and through it all not a cupful of water fell on my tent. Later on in the night, when I had about regained something like my usual majestic calm of mind, it began to rain steadily, and the thunder and lightning didn't even whisper. They had doubtless gone off down the canyon, scaring some other poor tenderfoot half out of his wits. These electrical displays are not seemingly much dreaded by the people who live in high altitudes. They comfortingly declare that a tornado or cyclone is unknown in the mountains. But sometimes these mountain storms go off through a canyon to the foothills and the plains. Then there is something doing.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Odd Things Sold in New York.

Drinking water is sold by the barrel to transit steamers, sailing vessels and pilot boats.

Kisses may be bought occasionally at church fairs.

Reduced gentlewomen sell their social influence, acquaintanceship and knowledge of good manners in the guise of chaperons.

Superstitious persons buy relics of prisoners condemned to death, and abnormally curious persons buy personal belongings of notorious prisoners from jail employees.

Astrologers and fortune tellers sell rabbits' feet, headstones and moonstones.

Hairdressers and ladies' maids are frequently offered money for locks of hair from the heads of famous society beauties and popular actresses.

The big hotels sell unspoiled scraps of food to cheap restaurants.

Florists sell four leaf clover for good luck.—New York Press.

A Fashionable Woman's Confession.

Nobody finds it more difficult to spare time for reading than the very idle, yet every woman in society religiously orders every new book from her library, even though she sends most of them back without having even cut the leaves. If it is a book every one is talking about she skims through the opening chapters, dismissing the volume with a single observation at a dinner party and forgetting everything about it a month after she has returned it. Most of us remember the books of our youth, but if any one were to ask me the titles of the novels I read a couple of years ago no definite impression would be aroused.—"A Countess" in London Telegraph.

Sounded Bigger.

Merchant—That new clerk of yours refused an offer from me. How did you induce him to come to you?

Smoothley—Perhaps you didn't offer him enough.

Merchant—I told him his wages would be $10 to start.

Smoothley—Ah! I told him his salary would be $10 to start.—Philadelphia Press.

The Extent of His Interest.

"They say your new son-in-law is a handsome fellow."

"I never looked to see."

"That's strange."

"Not at all. My daughter picked him out, and all I had to do was to pay for him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reassuring.

"But how can I be sure," said the beautiful heiress, "that you do not want me merely for my money?"

"Darling," replied the duke, "if I can have you I shall never worry about money any more."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Money is not the balance of power, gentlemen. There are those scales in which an ounce of integrity is worth a ton of gold.—Schoolmaster.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

NOT A CLAPTRAPPER.

An Incident of Alexander Salvini's First Stage Appearance.

Tommaso Salvini, the great actor, although he gave every assistance to his son when he had proved his ability on the stage, was averse at first to his becoming an actor and would not help him to obtain a hearing. The young man's first appearance was made by favor of Clara Morris, his good friend, at a charity entertainment in Yonkers, where he recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

He was then very young, very eager and still delightfully queer in his English. A few days before the great occasion some one used in his presence the word claptrap.

"What's that?" demanded young Alessandro at once. "Clap is so," he struck his hands together. "Trap is for rats. What, then, is claptrap?"

"It is a vulgar or unworthy bid for applause," his hostess explained.

"Buh!" he rejoined, with contempt. "I know him. That cheap actor who plays at the gallery. He is, then, in English, a claptrapper, is he not?"

On the night of his debut, although the poor fellow declared he was "sick with the scare," he pulled himself together in time and delivered the poem most stirringly.

"With a bound he was on the scrap of a stage," records Clara Morris, "and his high, clear 'For-w-a-r-d, the Light brigade!' must surely have been heard down in Broadway. It really was a clever bit of work, a little too florid, but that was the result of nervousness. The instinct of the actor was twice plainly shown once when on making a mistake, instead of stammering or going back, he swiftly jumped the faulty lines and dashed on securely with the others, and again when at the close he read with much feeling the words:

"Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light brigade,
Noble six hundred!

standing as if looking into an open grave, he plucked the white flower from his coat and cast it down, a bit of business that caught the house instantly. While the people maltreated damp umbrellas and kicked out their gum shoes in giving him a recall he was clutching his hair and wildly protesting to me:

"'Mme. Clara, I have never meant that for a claptrap! Never! Never! Just it came to me that moment to throw the flower to the dead! Think me a fool—but not—oh, please not—a claptrapper!'"—Youth's Companion.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

To the well man every day is a feast day.

Today's egg is better than tomorrow's hen.

The master of the house is the guest's servant.

Two watermelons cannot be held under one arm.

He who has not rest at home is in the world's hell.

The mouth is not sweetened by saying honey, honey.

If you have to gather thorns do it by the stranger's hand.

With patience sour grapes become sweet and the mulberry leaf satin.

By the time the wise man gets married the fool has grownup children.

Be not so severe that you are blamed for it nor so gentle that you are trampled upon for it.

Give a swift horse to him who tells the truth, so that as soon as he has told it he may ride and escape.

Only an English Visitor.

A showman who was on a tour through the Scotch highlands had the misfortune to lose a large gorilla which to save the trouble and expense of burial he left by the wayside not far from Pitlochry. Two highland drovers on their way to Perth came across the carcass, dressed, as it had been left, in its performing garb. Never having seen such a strange specimen before, they were greatly puzzled what to make of it. "What'll she pe?" asked Tonal. "Weel," replied Tugal, "she'll no pe a highlander or she wid hae a tartan plaid, and she'll no pe a lowlander either or her trouser wid pe gray." After consideration Tonal exclaimed: "I'll tell ye whit she'll pe. She just pe a wee English veesitor and pe of nae consequence whatever."

Always In Stock.

A chemist was boasting in the company of friends of his well assorted stock in trade. "There isn't a drug missing," he said.

"Come, now," said one of the bystanders by way of a joke. "I bet that you don't keep any spirit of contradiction, well stocked as you pretend to be."

"Why not?" replied the chemist, not in the least embarrassed at the unexpected sally. "You shall see for yourself." So saying he left the group and returned in a few minutes leading by the hand—his wife!—London Tid-Bits.

The Canary.

Do not give your canary bird sweets. It is said to develop an asthmatic tendency, and as with the human voice after sugar is eaten the notes lose their liquid purity, becoming rough and eventually shrill. Caged birds are very susceptible to drafts, and even in warm weather care should be taken to hang the hand—his wife!—London Tit-Bits.

Her Business.

She—Is she a business woman?

He—Yes.

She—What business is she interested in?

He—Everybody's.—Boston Herald.

Method is like packing things in a box. A good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.—Cecil.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies

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President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broodar.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary, G. B. Mayo, treasurer W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, B. C. Gregson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—C. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —ckus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDE, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 35, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall; Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MILLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS I. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall, Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. E. WILCOX, S.

L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10. a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 20, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 123, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 10, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 2, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:25 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches from Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:45 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:28 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days. (10:28 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:38 a. m. week days, (8:00 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and week days DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:10 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 45
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 16	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 9:10 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. Train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m and 8:50 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummine, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No 13. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 21, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
		7:00	8:10	Lv Mt. Jewett Ar	8:00	12:30
5:07	1:20	8:28		Pt. Pleasant	7:30	11:48
5:10	1:40	8:31		Hazelhurst	7:20	11:37
5:18	1:55	8:37		Marvindale	7:12	11:26
5:24	2:00	8:40		Kinzua	7:07	11:20
5:29	2:07	8:47		Comes	7:02	11:13
5:31	2:25	8:50		Smethport	7:00	11:10
					p.m.	
5:44	1:59	9:14		Smethport	7:20	11:19
5:58	2:37	9:28		Mill	7:06	11:03
6:01	2:45	9:32		Farmers Valley	7:03	11:00
6:24	3:45	9:51		Coryville	6:44	10:45
6:29	3:40	9:46		Larrabee	6:39	10:35

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. L. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Dp	Ar. A.M.	P.M.	Lv Westward. A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses		7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell		7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22	
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc		7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield		7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.42	Gold		7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond		7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Rig's		8.01	3.05	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks		8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt		0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp		Ar.	8.25	3.30 10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.		Dp.	8.28	6.00 1.26
0	0	12.13	Hammond			0	0 0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted			8.33	6.05 1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina			8.37	6.10 1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton			0	6.17 0
3.40	7.28	11.55	Roulette			8.47	6.21 1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Bortville			8.54	6.28 2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman			0	6.34 0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks			0	0 0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany			9.08	6.40 2.25
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Dp		Ar.	A.M.	P.M. P.M.

c—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with E. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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HER ANNIVERSARY

By LAWRENCE PERRY

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Never had there been such a winter in South Dusenbury. What with musicales, lectures, socials and the like the little village usually managed to fill in the dark, cheerless gap between harvest and sowing nicely. But this winter all activities of village life had been augmented by an amazing and unparalleled number of wedding anniversaries. Wooden weddings, tin weddings, crystal weddings, had followed one another in rapid succession until those who were blessed in the giving were hardly less numerous than those blessed in the receiving.

Now, South Dusenbury contained its share of spinsters, village parlance which, being interpreted, signified that the woman to whom the term was applied had lived twenty-eight years or more—generally more—and was still unmarried. To their eternal credit be it said that they rejoiced open heartedly in the marital anniversaries of their fellow citizens and had contributed not a little to the general atmosphere of happiness which attended these functions.

No, not quite all. One exception—one distinguished exception—must be noted, Keziah Bottleby. Miss Bottleby was a strong minded, tall, angular woman, an ardent church worker and ready to turn her helpful hand to anything when the needs of the neighborhood required. But these wedding anniversaries began to pall upon her, and by the time Deacon Thompson and Mrs. Thompson had celebrated their silver wedding she was thoroughly disgusted. She lost no opportunity in letting that fact be known. Hers was a trenchant tongue. Some were amused; more were made uncomfortable. But there was no other result. The anniversaries continued just the same. Of course this fact did not silence Miss Bottleby.

"I tell ye," she said one afternoon at a meeting of the King's Daughters, "it's perfectly scandalous. Such grossin' tendencies as has been exhibited in this village this winter is downright heathenish. Why look at old John Newell and Sophy Newell. They ain't done nothin' but spat these mortal twenty-five years, accordin' to all accounts, and, laws me, there they stood up together at their silver weddin', she in a new gingham dress and all perked up and simperin' about with one eye and roamin' the presents with the other. It made me sick. And I guess I allowed jest how I felt too!"

As usual, Miss Bottleby was listened to in the most respectful silence, and when she ceased speaking no one ventured a remark. Miss Bottleby gave a contemptuous sniff and applied herself to her needle. While she sewed on, the glimmer of an idea shot through her mind, and as she pondered and enlarged upon it the stern lines of her face relaxed into a broad smile. Yes, she would do it. There was no reason why she should not and many reasons why she should. If so many persons ungrudgingly, themselves and asked others to join them simply because they had been married a score or so of years why should she not be congratulated in remaining single a similar period? Surely it was more difficult to remain unmarried than to find a husband. Yes, she would do it.

In a day or two the villagers received the following invitation:

"Miss Keziah Bottleby, having existed in single blessedness for forty-five years, requests your presence at her home on Thursday, May 12, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, the occasion being an old maid's variety. Tea and doughnuts will be served, and presents may be stored in the parlor."

They were the talk of the village, these invitations, and every one said now like Miss Bottleby it was. They meant to go, too, for they felt that she did deserve something for her long years of abnegation. The general tendency was to defeat her purpose by ignoring the obvious sarcasm and pretending that they took her seriously.

Hiram Spinks had received an invitation, and it had struck a responsive cord in his heart, for he, too, had envied a life of celibacy.

He met Miss Bottleby several days before the "variety" party, and she smiled so warmly that Hiram lifted his hat clear from his head instead of making the customary little dip of his head.

"How be ye, Hiram?" said Miss Bottleby. "Fine warm day?"

"Why, how de do-o-o, Keziah?" said Hiram. "Yes, um; yes. It's tolerable warm."

But was all. Keziah swept by, but Hiram suddenly gave a start and turned to look at her retreating figure.

"A fine, smart woman," he muttered, "real woman." He was thinking. thought all the way to his lonely home and finally slapped his hand on his thigh.

"By gum!" he ejaculated. "I'll do it sure as shootin'!"

The next few days were spent in visiting and his married sister came and helped him put the house in ordered order. But she felt that he suddenly lost his mind. She was silent of this fact when a day or so Hiram came home with a new suit of clothing and a new hat. But all he would vouchsafe was that he had bought them for the party. Hiram was ready, and the more he mused on his new resolution the more absent minded he became.

The day of the "variety" came, and the villagers outdid themselves in their generosity. They resolved to silence Miss Bottleby's tongue on the subject of wedding anniversaries forever. The little parlor was piled with presents of all kinds, and all, including Miss Bottleby, were radiant. Every one had a regular good time, and when the guests began to leave they assured her they were ready for the next "variety" any time she chose to give it. Finally the door closed on the last guest, and Miss Bottleby returned to the parlor. She did not look at her presents. She was thinking of how kind they all had been and was making all sorts of resolutions concerning her future relations with her neighbors. Then she looked out of the window.

"I wonder whatever became of Hiram Spinks," she said.

As in answer the bell rang and, upon opening the door there stood Hiram shaven, beard and hair trimmed and new clothing. Keziah gasped.

"Why, Hiram, ye air late, ain't ye? Come in."

"Yes, yes," murmured Hiram. "I'll a-comin'," following Miss Keziah into the parlor. "But I can't stop long. I jest came in to bring ye my present."

Miss Bottleby looked surprised, for Hiram was quite empty handed.

"So ye've brung me a present, eh? Well, ye needn't hev done that, Hiram. What is it? Let me see it."

Hiram stepped closer.

"The present," he said slowly, "Why, Keziah, ye can see the present. It's right before ye. I've come and brung myself for a present. Do ye want me, Keziah?"

"Why, Hiram!"

Hiram moved closer, and then suddenly Miss Keziah—but let us draw the curtain over what followed, those precious moments of first love in South Dusenbury.

What Can Be Done With Salt.

Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious. A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. Salt hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath. Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water. Weak ankles should be rubbed with a solution of salt water and alcohol. Rose colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt like snuff. Dyspepsia, heartburn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted. Salt and water will sometimes revive an unconscious person when hurt if brandy or other remedies are not at hand. Hemorrhage from tooth pulling is stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water. Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt. Public speakers and many noted singers use a wash of salt and water before and after using the voice, as it strengthens the organs of the throat. Salt rubbed into the scalp or occasionally added to the water in washing prevents the hair falling out. Feathers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over a fire in which salt has been thrown. Salt always should be eaten with nuts, and a dessert fruit salt should be specially made.—Table Talk.

The Chinese Matchmaker.

In China the matchmaker, or "go between," is a very important factor in domestic life. He it is who casts his watchful eye around that he may find suitable husbands for the daughters of his acquaintances and then approaches the parents with due circumspection as well as a good deal of tact and diplomacy.

To the family of the young man he narrates the good qualities, beauty and amiability of a certain young girl; then he makes a visit to her father and dwells upon the riches, learning and wisdom of a youth he knows.

If he finds both sides willing to consider the question he plies back and forth between them with all the eagerness of a man anxious to drive a good bargain. He knows that if he succeeds he will get a nice little fee from each family, and so he paints the many charms of the young couple in glowing terms.

He is not always truthful, and oftentimes the bridegroom, who is not allowed to see his future wife before the ceremony, finds that after the red cloth and veil are removed he is married to an ugly old crone.

These instances of bad faith on the part of the "go between" are fortunately rare, and usually he exhibits much discretion in his matings.

Floating Gardens in Mexico.

While the City of Mexico is 8,000 feet higher than sea level, there are in the vicinity several lakes and marshy tracts which require extensive drainage operations. The Viga canal is one of these great drainage systems, and upon it are numerous barges which transport farm and garden produce from the market gardens to the city. Flat bottomed boats, propelled by a pole, convey passengers to the floating gardens.

The gardens are located upon marsh land quite similar to the tule lands of California. The soil is composed of decayed reed and grass roots, being entirely of vegetable mold and quite fertile. Ditches at frequent intervals drain the gardens and furnish means of communication by canoes and small boats to the larger canal and thus to the city. Here are the great market gardens where vegetables are grown for Mexico's consumption; here, too, are grown the magnificent flowers which form one of the principal attractions of the City of Mexico, the flower market being a wonder in the quantity and exquisite beauty both of the individual tropic flowers and the magnificent floral forms, which are made with great taste and skill. Street cars also connect the city with the villages upon the Viga canal, and they are well patronized.—Arboriculture.

A WONDERFUL INSECT.

Gas Companies Not Wanted Where the Cucujo Flourishes.

Have you ever heard of the cucujo? If you are one of those unfortunates who are in the habit of grumbling at gas bills you will wish that the place was swarming with cucujos, so that the gas companies might be circumvented. The cucujo is the firefly of the tropics, and it is the most brilliant of the whole tribe of light giving insects or animals. Thirty-eight of them yield one candle power.

Photographs have been printed by two minute exposure of bromide plates to their illumination. People in Cuba confine them in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for traveling in the dark to serve as a guide to the paths else they use them as ornaments for the dress and hair.

Cucujos are beetles beginning life as grubs. Skipjacks or springtails they are sometimes called because when placed on their backs they jump over with a clicking sound.

A small species of the same family is found in Florida and Texas. They have two luminous spots on the thorax and another on the abdomen. Damp evenings are most favorable to the light giving, the object of which is presumably to attract a mate. The young larvæ feed largely on snails, to which their bite is poisonous. The luminous organs are developed before the insects leave the eggs.

Now a theory formerly held was that these insects stored up light in the daytime for emission at night, as is done by the so-called luminous paint of calcium sulphide. But it was found that they shone as brightly as ever after being confined for ten days in darkness. Some that were carried from Cuba to Havre in the pitch black hold of a vessel were brilliant on their arrival.

A more striking disproof, however, was afforded by a batch of larvæ hatched in the dark from eggs laid in the dark on a piece of rotten wood, the young insects being kept in darkness for the first six months of their lives. They shone as brilliantly as any of the other fireflies.—Gilson Penny.

ODD NOTIONS OF WOMEN.

Rosa Bonheur treasured a small lead image of St. Anthony of Padua as a lucky charm.

Caroline Herschel firmly believed that if she met a crossed beggar in the morning it presaged the discovery of a new star that night.

George Eliot was a slave to the influence of the hunchback and clubfooted man and did no literary work upon the day when she saw one.

Lady Millais, the wife of the great painter, was convinced that the crack of doom would sound for any one who stepped on a crack in the sidewalk.

Harriet Beecher Stowe believed that it was bad luck to throw away a tooth brush which had outlived its usefulness, and to the anguish of her household preserved every one that she had ever used.

Queen Victoria cherished a number of superstitions, and among them she believed that the removal of her wedding ring would surely bring calamity and that a pet Manx cat would bring good luck to the royal household.

Worth His Weight in Gold.

The maharajah of Travancore was, on one occasion at least, worth his weight in gold, for he was weighed against a pure mass of the king of metals, and, after the scales were balanced, the mass of gold was distributed in charity. This custom, called "Tulabhara," is one of great antiquity and is said to be traceable in Travancore to the fourth century. It is not unknown in other parts of India, though of course gold is only used in the case of wealthy persons, humbler folk being content to weigh themselves against spices or grain. On the occasion mentioned the maharajah weighed a little over nine stone. The Brahmans, it is said, wished to defer the ceremony in the hope that the maharajah might more nearly approach the weight of his father, who did not undergo the rite until forty-seven years old, when he weighed fourteen and three-quarter stone.—Golden Penny.

It Was All Arranged.

A London barrister used to tell of an instance that occurred in his own experience of trial by jury in Wales. A well known local solicitor named Garnons was concerned in a case. While counsel was addressing the jury its members quietly turned from him, put their heads together, and then the foreman addressed the judge. "It's no use, my lord, for the gentleman in the wig to talk any more, as we agreed in the Blue Lion last night to vote for Mr. Garnons of Rhiwgoch."

Writes and Draws.

Kippax—And who is your favorite author, Mrs. Softly?

Mrs. Softly—My husband.

Kippax—Pardon me. I didn't know he wrote.

Mrs. Softly—Oh, but he does, and so nicely—checks!—Town and Country.

Quite Different.

Tess—So she has fallen in love with an English nobleman.

Jess—You don't tell me?

Tess—Surely you've heard.

Jess—No. I merely heard she was engaged to marry one.—Philadelphia Press.

Dividing Her Weight.

"Don't stand on that delicate table to hang the picture, Martha. It'll break. You're too heavy."

"Oh, no, I'm not, mum. It'll bear me. I'm standing only on one foot."—Philadelphia North American.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

By MARY WINTHROP

(Copyright, 1900, by T. C. McClure.)

"THE man who said that a big apartment house was a village in itself didn't know a thing about it, or else he had never been in a village. Lord! I would say it was a collection of hostile camps, with a janitor as the only means of communication."

By way of emphasis for his words Frank Lane threw across the room the gayly illustrated magazine he had been pretending to read. It landed with a crash, bringing with it to the floor a small vase which stood on the corner of the mantel. Broken bits of porcelain rolled in all directions.

The young man started to his feet. The vase was one of his childish relics. Every bit was precious. But he sank back with a groan. He had forgotten his sprained ankle.

The pain in it made him remember. It was almost intolerable for a few moments. But that was not what brought the tears to his eyes—tears of weakness and loneliness. He was remembering that it was the day before Christmas and that he was shut up in his bachelor apartments with a sprained ankle. A solitary dinner at the club

"I WISH YOU WOULD LET ME KEEP IT."

was never wildly festive for Christmas, but even that was to be denied him this year.

There was a rattling at the hall door. Lane hastily brushed aside the tears as the wife of the janitor came in. Womanlike, she was compassionate. Her face beamed as she cried: "A package for ye, Mester Lane. Th' postman jest left it, an' I hurried it up, thinkin' it might cheer ye a bit. It's sure some pesint a lady fren's been a-sendin' ye."

The invalid laughed shortly. From a lady friend! He had been raised in an orphan asylum and as far as his knowledge went had not a living relation. His position in the business world was entirely due to his own pluck and energy. He had not had time to make lady friends.

When the woman had gone he still looked curiously at the package in his lap. It was in bad order. The string was loosened and the enveloping paper torn. The address was blurred, but he could still make out faintly the inscription "F. E. Lane" and the name of the apartment house. It was really for him.

His fingers trembled with eagerness as he slipped off the outside wrapper and disclosed dainty tissue paper and ribbons. It must surely be from a girl, he thought.

Inside was a creation of violet silk. He eyed it dubiously, but then his face cleared. He had seen similar curios in shop windows. It must be a handkerchief case.

But the name of the sender? He took hold of the case gingerly and shook it. No card appeared. It must have slipped out on the way. He sniffed appreciatively. The case was strongly scented with violets. It almost seemed as if the fair donor herself was glorifying his room with her presence.

Yet the question of who had sent it still remained unsolved. He knew whom he wished had sent it—the girl in the flat above. She was the girl who, when she came in from the office of an evening, sat down at the piano and rattled off a jolly two-step—that was when things had gone well—or crept in quietly and sang soothing lullabies—that was when the city's work had left her worn out and blue. Lane sympathized, for he had felt just that way himself.

"B-r-r-r" rang the electric bell. Lane frowned as he reached his hand back for the button. Why need commonplace realities in the shape of the janitor break in upon his day dream? Then he straightened up suddenly. The figure standing in the doorway was not to be confused with the janitor. It was a girl with rebellious brown curls wandering down to obstruct a pair of serious dark eyes. It was the girl of the flat above.

The girl stood uncertainly a moment in the gathering dusk, then stepped forward with sudden decision. "I beg your pardon for intruding on you," she said apologetically. "I don't believe you can even see who I am in this semidarkness. Won't you let me light up? I am the girl from the flat above." As she spoke she turned to the switch. In a moment the room flashed into a blaze of light.

Lane still stared at her as if at a vision, but the years of business training came to his aid. "Won't you sit down, Miss Fane?" he said courteously. "I can't rise—a little trifle of a sprained ankle."

"Yes, I know," the girl interrupted sympathetically. "The janitor told me. I am so sorry." The man found her pity very sweet.

"I don't want to trouble you," she went on, "but I am looking for one of my Christmas presents which is lost, strayed or stolen. It must have come, for my cousin writes that it was mailed some days ago."

Instinctively Lane spread his hands over the dainty trifle lying in his lap. Yes, the pillow lid it from view.

"It is a handkerchief case made of purple silk. As our names look something alike, I thought it might have come to you by mistake." She looked at him expectantly.

Now, Lane had been mentally planning how he might keep that handkerchief case. He was a thief in everything but the deed. But he could not answer those searching brown eyes with a lie. "Yes, I have it. I thought it was mine." And he held it out weakly. Then sudden inspiration came to him. "I wish you would let me keep it," he said pleadingly. "I will buy you anything else in its place that you like."

Miss Lane's color deepened. "Why?" she asked wonderingly.

"Because," he said vehemently, "it's the only Christmas present I shall have. I have been lying here in the dusk imagining who might have sent it to me, and I can't bear to give it up. I would not care so much if I was up and around. You don't know how blue a fellow gets shut up here all alone. Little things come to count a lot."

He looked so helpless lying there on the couch that the girl's heart went out to him, and she had a fashion of following her heart more readily than her head. "You poor fellow!" she said gently. "I know just how you feel. You shall keep the handkerchief case. Cousin Lettice will no doubt write me and tell several others. And please come in as a part Christmas present from me. Only don't give me any thing in its place except to wish me a merry Christmas when I come down to see you in the morning. I will bring some of the goodies from my home box. They will make you forget all about the ankle."

She hurried away. Lane did not know that it was because she wished to hide tears brought to her eyes by the dumb look of gratitude on his face. And he lay back and wished that the morrow might come.

Before another Christmas the two flats were empty. Mr. and Mrs. Lane were keeping house in a large flat on the ground floor. His wife always declares that he stole her heart and the handkerchief case at one and the same time on that memorable Christmas eve.

XMAS WITH THE GERMANS.

Scenes in the Shops and in the Retirement of Home.

As the handsome shops reveal the Christmas of the rich Germans, also we see the Christmas joys of the other, the peasant class. The toy stores—the dolls in all the national costumes of the world, and windows all bristling with combating soldiers. Candy shops! Candy is distinctively American. In Germany and France it is bonbons; in England sweets. The Germans do not eat candy as a habit, as we do, but on Christmas time, according to their idiom, "it goes loose." But if is the "pfefferkuchen" that is the great distinguishing delicacy of Christmastide. Not a house, family or person in Germany is without it. It is a sort of hard spice cake, made in all sorts of shapes.

The writer spent last Christmas in the home of Baron von Silberbrant. The day before Christmas the drawing rooms were closed. No one dare enter except the baron and baroness, who came in and out of those rooms very quietly and mysteriously. On Christmas eve the first event of interest is the Christmas eve dinner, which is characterized by the serving of "kurpfen in bier" and the bringing forth from their secret hiding places of the famous Christmas cakes, marzipan, pfefferneusse and pfefferkuchen. Dinner ends with the joining of hands and all saying, "Gesegnete mahlzeit."—Washington Post.

A Juvenile Impression.

"I'll be glad when I'm a grownup man," said the thoughtful youngster.

"Why?"

"Because then I can get my Christmas presents without having to be good beforehand."—Washington Star.

Has Been There Himself.

"Chris'mus kin be made so much pleasanter ef the stern parunt will only let his min' wanther back few the time when he made a dash fur the ole chimneypiece himself," says Ole Nutmeg.

Ballads of Yule.

Though some are dead and some are fled
To lands of summer over sea,
The holly berry keeps his red,
The merry children keep their glee.
They heard with artless secrecy
This gift for Maude and that for Molly,
And Santa Claus he turns the key
On Christmas eve. Heigh-ho, the holly!

Amid the snow the birds are fled;
The snow lies deep on land and lea;
The skies are shining overhead;
The robin's time that was so free,
Far north at home the "barley bree"
They brew; they give the hour to folly.
How "Rab and Allen cam' to pree,"
They sing; we sing, Heigh-ho, the holly!

ENVOY.

Friends, let us pay the wonted fee,
The yearly tithe of mirth, be jolly!
It is a duty so to be,
Though half we sigh, Heigh-ho, the holly!

—Andrew Lang.

GET CLOSE TO THINGS.

The Experienced Shopper's Advice to the Quiet Woman.

The modest, unassuming woman had been trying for some time to get the attention of a clerk, but they all seemed to be busy, and she had not the aggressiveness to crowd in and grab one.

The experienced shopper, having completed her purchases, had time to give a little sympathy to the quiet one.

"Do you want to buy something?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "if I could only get the attention of the clerk."

"Oh, that's easy!" asserted the experienced one. "Just do as I say."

"But they're all so much more strenuous than I am," pleaded the quiet one. "I'd rather go without than be as unwomanly and disagreeable as some of the women are. I really can't fight for attention, you know."

"Not at all necessary," explained the experienced shopper. "Do you see that tray of trinkets over there?"

"Yes."

"Go over and stand by it and pick up a few of them for closer examination. Put them back, of course, but just paw the collection over without any effort to get hold of a clerk. Reach out for anything you see, as if you were more interested in what's on the counter than in what's behind it."

"I don't see what good that's going to do."

"Try it and you'll find out."

The quiet woman did as directed, and within two minutes a floorwalker was at her elbow.

"Do you want anything?" he asked politely.

She said she did, and he made it his business to get a clerk to wait on her.

"I told you so," whispered the experienced shopper. "Sometimes it isn't necessary to touch a thing. If you just show a desire to get close to things that are easily carried away they'll take you for a shoplifter every time and get a clerk for you so that you won't have any excuse for hanging around."

The quiet woman gasped and felt guilty all the rest of the time she was in the store, but she had to admit that she had learned something about practical shopping.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HE COULDN'T FORGET.

The Surprise He Got on His Thirty-second Birthday.

"I'll never forget my thirty-second birthday in New York," said an old resident meditatively.

"Was it a joyful one?" asked the young man who was lounging about the club as if time hung heavy on his hands.

"Joyful!" exclaimed the old resident. "That's no name for it at all. It was downright lively. I think my wife realized afterward that she father overdid the matter."

"Tried to surprise you, did she?"

"She not only tried to, but she succeeded. You see, she always was an enthusiast in everything she undertook."

"Bankrupted you in getting you presents, I suppose," suggested the young man.

"Well, not exactly," returned the old resident reflectively, "but her presents came very near bankrupting me later. However, they are a good deal of comfort to me now, so that I can't say I regret it."

"Now!" ejaculated the young man. "Do you mean to say that you still have them?"

"Certainly."

"And how long ago was this thirty-second birthday?"

"Twenty years ago."

"Twenty years! Heavens! That's a long time to keep a birthday present."

"Two of them," corrected the old resident quietly.

"May I ask what they were?" inquired the young man after a pause.

"Certainly. Twins—both girls," replied the old resident.—New York Times.

Why Ralph Edward Objected.

Ralph was a great big boy, nearly three years of age, and had never received a name, being called "Baby," "Pet," "Love," etc. Finally the name for the small man was decided upon, and, dressed in his Sunday best, he went to church with father and mother, where he was to be baptized. As the minister repeated "I baptize thee, Ralph Edward," he dipped his fingers into the font and touched the child's forehead with the shining drops. How important Ralph Edward felt! At last he was somebody.

By supper time his face was sadly in need of washing, but when mother started to wash her son's brow he cried out in dismay:

"Oh, don't wash my forehead! I'm 'fraid you'll wash my name away!"

Lost Humor.

Mark Twain was once asked by an English clerk in a London bookstore to write his autograph.

"My chirography is becoming less and less distinct," complained the author whimsically as he complied with the request. "If this keeps on I'll have to be getting somebody else to write my autograph for me."

"But, sir," seriously responded the clerk, "nobody would want it then!"

Freely Admitted.

She—Women may gossip sometimes, but they have better control of their tongues than men have.

He—You are right. Men have no control whatever of women's tongues.—Kansas City Journal.

In Doubt.

"He's bald, I believe?"

"Yes."

"What's the reason?"

"I can't say. I don't know whether Father Time or his wife got at him first."—Chicago Post.

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FOR THE SAKE OF APPEARANCE

By Hubert McBean Johnson

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"May I not have this one?" said I. "For the sake of appearance, you know," I added, noting her hesitation.

"Well," replied Phyllis in an uncertain way, "for the sake of appearance then."

The room was hot and stuffy, and dancing is warm work anyhow.

"The veranda is a lot cooler," I suggested.

"For the sake of appearance also?" questioned Phyllis, elevating her eyebrows.

"Certainly," I answered, glancing in the direction of Mrs. Gillespie. "It might look strange if we didn't, you know."

"It has one advantage," said Phyllis—"one does not need to talk out there."

Phyllis laughed. It sounded kind of good to hear it. Phyllis has a pretty laugh and particularly so when one has not heard it for a whole month.

"Did you hear the latest?" I asked by way of changing the subject.

"Which is"—questioned Phyllis apathetically.

"Of my engagement?" I finished.

Phyllis was interested. She leaned forward in her chair and rested her chin on her palms.

"This time to"—she pursued.

But I was not going to commit myself.

"What do you think of Gracie Rawshaw?" said I.

"I thought you preferred taller girls and blonds," commented Phyllis.

"Beauty is only skin deep," I quoted sententiously.

Phyllis herself is exceptionally pretty.

"I suppose so," she said dreamily, taking no notice of my remark. "But it's awfully funny," she concluded, with a little laugh.

"I fail to see the humor of the situation," I replied stiffly. "This is not exactly a jesting matter with me."

"I should not imagine so," said Phyllis tryly. "But I'll apologize. I used the wrong word. I ought to have said, what a coincidence."

"Coincidence? How?" I queried in consternation.

I anticipated something, but I don't think Phyllis knew it. I flatter myself, that my cigarette never trembled. I have always prided myself on my nerve.

"I might make a little announcement myself," said Phyllis quietly, with just the faintest suspicion of a laugh in her voice.

I flicked off a sixteenth of an inch of ash. Ashes are so liable to fall on one's clothes, you know.

"And the man?" It's remarkable how tobacco steadies one.

"I believe you will find people congratulating Mr. Dawson Graham this evening," replied Phyllis demurely.

"Lucky devil!" I ejaculated impolitely. I said other things to myself. I never had much use for that fellow anyway.

Phyllis bowed in mock courtesy.

"People are good enough to say so," she assented. "I really can't say that I see it myself, but"—

I laughed. The thing was appealing to my sense of humor. It's a most excellent thing, you know, to possess a sense of humor.

"We wouldn't have believed all this a month ago," said I. "I would have laughed had any one suggested such a thing."

"How fortunate!" said Phyllis, with apparent irreverence.

"Which?" I asked. "That I wouldn't have believed it or that I would have laughed?"

"That we found out in time." Phyllis seemed quite serious. "Afterward it would have been apt to create such a scandal."

"True," said I. "We did quarrel occasionally."

"Occasionally!" sniffed Phyllis. "You might better say eternally. Why, I remember one time"—

"When you were staying at Boreas Beach," I interrupted.

"No, not that one," corrected Phyllis —"when I was"—

"And I used to sail up the river to look at you. You wore a yellow dress that summer, you know, and I could see you on the veranda. How I used to wish I could get up the courage to land and go up and talk to you! I don't suppose you ever even saw me."

"Why didn't you?" said Phyllis unreasonably.

I knew why. My imagination gave me a vivid picture of Phyllis turning her back and walking inside. Phyllis knew too. But I had sense enough not to answer.

"Then there was that time"—

"Are you going over them all?" asked Phyllis wearily.

"I suppose there won't be time," said I. "But you have no idea how much I thought of you that summer, little girl."

"And now?" questioned Phyllis softly.

"Isn't it rather late to dream of such things with both of us engaged to other people?" said I.

"Yes," answered Phyllis, "I suppose it is."

"You suppose," said I bitterly. "I'd like to punch Dawcy Graham's head. That's what I'd like to do."

"Perhaps"— began Phyllis gently.

"Oh, here you are!" interrupted Mrs. St. Clair, coming out of the house. "I've been looking everywhere for you two. Phyllis, I want to introduce you to Captain MacDougall. Come; I'm sure Jack will excuse you for this dance."

"If I may have the next," said I, seizing Phyllis' card and jotting down my initials on it before she could remonstrate.

Turning into the hallway I came face to face with Dawcy Graham.

"Hello!" cried I, restraining my desire to get a half Nelson on him. "They tell me I'm to congratulate you. You're certainly a royal flush if ever there was one."

"Thanks, old man; thanks," said Dawcy, linking his arm affectionately into mine and drawing me outside with him. "You're the very fellow I've been looking for. You see, it's this way: We've been engaged now for about six months, and, this announcement is merely a prelude to an early wedding. I want you to support me in it. Will you? What do you say?"

Six months, thought I! It took my breath away. The little vixen! And me to support him! If that wasn't rubbing it in!

"What's your governor think about it?" I queried to gain time. "I suppose he's known about it all along?"

"Not much!" cried Dawcy. "Not much! He just found it out tonight when it was announced. But he likes it all right. Why, say, do you know, when he heard it he actually made a pun. He said, 'Well, my boy, you're no longer the graceless young scamp you always have been!'"

"I don't see it," said I lamely enough.

"Where's the pun?"

"Why, graceless," explained Dawcy. "Don't you see—graceless—Grace Rawshaw, you know."

"Oh, yes," said I weakly. "Ha, ha, I see now. How stupid of me! I wasn't thinking."

I certainly did see. I saw several things that Dawcy did not.

"And you're going to stand up with me?" asked Dawcy anxiously. "Wedding's in the early part of September."

"Am I?" said I emphatically. "Glad to, my dear fellow. Nothing could give me greater pleasure."

And that wasn't just politeness either. I like Graham. He is really an awfully decent sort, you know.

"Thanks!" he cried enthusiastically. "I knew you would. I must go and tell Grace. Well, see you later."

I walked across the floor to where Phyllis was standing with Captain MacDougall.

"Isn't this ours?" I asked.

"Why, yes," said Phyllis, ostensibly consulting her card. "I believe it is."

"Phyllis," said I a moment later, "Dawcy Graham has just asked me to act as his best man."

There must have been something in my tone that warned her, for Phyllis looked up and caught my eye.

"Jack," she said, candidly, you're a goose. I told Grace this afternoon that I would not for her."

"Suppose," I suggested, "that we go outside on the veranda and sit it out?"

"For the sake of appearance?" asked Phyllis, looking up at me and smiling roguishly.

"Not entirely," said I.

Fifteenth Century Guns.

In 1423, when the English in Normandy made their last assault on Mont St. Michel under Lord Scales, they attacked it with several powerful engines and certain machines of war." Says an old writer, "They battered a battery so furiously against the walls that they made a breach." Among these formidable weapons were two enormous wrought iron guns, which they were compelled to leave behind on being obliged to raise the siege. They are still on exhibition with some of their projectiles in a rather picturesque position on the main entrance to the town. The guns are of the kind formerly called "bombards" and are of different sizes. The larger one has a caliber of nineteen inches, thirty and a quarter inches being the greatest external diameter and twelve feet the total length, of which about three feet four inches belong to the smaller powder chamber in the rear. It weighs very nearly six tons. The other gun weighs about a couple of tons less; is of fifteen inches caliber and eleven feet nine inches long. These weapons are not cast, but "built up" guns, being formed of longitudinal bars about three inches wide, arranged like the staves of a cask and bound round closely with wrought iron hoops. The "Michelets," as they are called are most likely of Flemish workmanship. Their projectiles are made of hewn granite, and those for the larger gun have been estimated to weigh 800 pounds apiece. The powder chamber is capable of holding about forty pounds of explosive.

Birds and Insects.

There is hardly a single group of insects which does not suffer from the appetite of one or more species of bird. The eggs and larvæ are dug and pried out of their burrows in the wood by woodpeckers and creepers; those underground are scratched and clawed up to view by quail, partridges and many sparrows; warblers and vireos scan every leaf and twig. Flycatchers, like the cat family of mammals, lie in wait and surprise the insects on the wing, more particularly those flying near the ground, while swifts, swallows and martins glean a harvest from the host of high-flying insects. When we think humming birds are taking dainty sips of honey from the flowers they are in reality more often snatching minute spiders and flies from the deep cups of the calyxes. When night falls, the insects, which have chosen that time as the safer to carry on the business of active life, are pounced on by crepuscular feathered beings, the cavernous mouths of whippoorwills engulf them as they rise from their hiding places, and the bristle of night hawks bushes them into no less rapacious maws if, perchance, they have succeeded in reaching the upper air.—New York Post.

A Possible Contingency.

"Remember, my boy," said the old man to his son, who was about to join the army, "never talk back to your officers."

"But, father," inquired the young American anxiously, "supposing they talk back to me?"—Syracuse Herald.

His Rebate.

"Why do you always occupy two seats?"

"To even things up," replied the street car hog. "Half the time I don't get any seat at all."—Town Topics.

One hundred dollars' worth of butter bears off from the soil less of its valuable elements than 5 cents' worth of hay.

A WONDERFUL QUERN

HOW THE NORWEGIANS EXPLAIN WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

Magic Mill That Ground Out Riches For the Poor Brother While It Frightened the Rich One—The Sailor Who Made It Grind Salt.

There is an old fashioned Norwegian folk talk that accounts in a very curious way for the salt in the sea. According to the story, the waters of the ocean were not always salt. But long ago there were two brothers living away up in the northland. One was very rich, and the other was very poor. One brother had herds of cattle and flocks of fat mountain sheep, while the poor one had just about nothing at all except a wife and ever so many children.

One Christmas eve there was nothing in the house for them to eat, and the poor man's wife said to her husband:

"If I had a rich brother, as you have, I would go and ask him for something for these poor children to eat. Tomorrow will be Christmas day, and there is not a crust of bread in the house."

So he went to his brother and told him how much they needed his help. The rich man gave him a nice pitch of bacon and told him to go to an old magician who lived somewhere in the mountains. I do not know why he sent the poor man to the magician, for the latter did not bear a very good name in the neighborhood. However, when he came to the magician's stronghold everybody about the place wanted to buy his pitch of bacon. He could not understand why it was, but he thought if there was so much demand for the bacon he would at least make the best bargain he could for it.

"Well," he said, "I ought by rights to take this bacon home to my good dame for our dinner tomorrow, but since you all seem to have set your hearts on it I suppose you must have it. If I sell it, however, I want a good price for it."

They offered him a good round sum, but that would not do.

"I will let you have it," he said, "if you will give me that quern yonder behind the door."

A quern is one of the things that it would be very hard to find nowadays, because they have gone out of fashion. A quern is a mill for grinding corn by hand, and it consists of two large stones, an upper and a lower one, the upper one having a handle by which it may be turned around on the lower stone, grinding the corn or grain between them.

The old magician at first laughed outright at the idea of any one thinking that he would part with his quern, but the owner of the bacon insisted that he would be satisfied with nothing less than that, so he finally got it.

When he reached his own door the clock was striking 12 and his wife was waiting for him, ready to scold him for staying so long.

"What in the world kept you so long?" she asked. "And what are we going to do with that old quern when we have no corn to grind?"

Then he told her of his trading the bacon for the quern. She was dreadfully put out about it and especially at the loss of the bacon.

"Just wait a minute," said her husband, "before you begin to complain, and see if I did not do right this time."

And, putting the quern on the table, he told it to grind enough good things to make a first rate dinner for twelve hungry mouths. His wife could hardly believe her eyes as she stood there and watched the quern grinding out dainties enough to last a week.

The rich brother chanced to hear how well his poor brother's family was living, and when he came and saw what an elegant table they kept he was envious and wanted to know where they got the money to buy the things. For a long time they kept the secret of the old quern, but somehow it got out at last. They were so proud of it that they could not help telling all about it, and the rich brother insisted on buying the quern. Finally they let him have it for $300.

It kept on grinding for its new owner, but he was afraid of it, never feeling sure of what it would do next, so he made his brother take it back at the same price. The poor man was glad to get it back again, and it ground out untold riches for himself and his family. They had everything they desired, among other things a golden house to live in, and the people came from every land to see the magnificence of the family that owned the wonderful quern.

One day a stranger, an old seaman who had been all around the then known world, came to see the quern and wanted it to grind salt.

It is supposed that the owner of the quern was rich enough by this time, for he let it go for a moderate sum, and, fearing that he might repent of having sold it, the old sailor put to sea at once with his prize, anxious to know how it would work. When he had sailed so far out that no one could reach him, he said to the quern:

"Grind salt and grind both fast and good."

No sooner had he given the order than the quern began to grind heaps and heaps of salt all over the deck until the ship was ready to sink to the bottom of the sea. Scared half to death, the old sailor begged the quern to stop grinding salt. He got down on his knees to it.

But there was no use talking to it. It went on grinding, grinding, and soon the vessel went down with its weight of salt. And the quern still keeps on grinding in the depths of the ocean, and that is why the sea is salt.—Virginia McSherry.

Fixing the Blame.

"The trouble with the farm," said the old man, "if the farm didn't have to do anything but support itself, it could be made to pay, but it don't seem to be able to carry the burden of us livin' on it, so I reckon we're to blame."—Chicago Post.

Losing an Opportunity.

"The curtain goes up at 8:15, so we'll be just in time."

"But if we have a box it really seems a shame to be so punctual."—Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Lecky's Torrent of Speech.

A very brilliant Irish lady some years ago arranged that Mr. Lecky should meet an able and famous Irishman of very advanced opinions in politics. It was intended that they should exchange views, and the Irishman had a good deal to say about Mr. Lecky's later work and was well able to put what he had to say in the most effective language. The door opened and Mr. Lecky was announced. He was introduced to the Irishman, and before the latter had time to say anything the historian began a political harangue which he kept going without cessation the whole time he was there. The Irishman at first tried to break in with a word, but he was swept away, as it were, in the unceasing flow of Mr. Lecky's language; so after a time he sat in amused bewilderment, waiting until nature gave out. But when Mr. Lecky felt he was getting exhausted he rose from his chair, shook hands with the hostess and her guest, keeping on talking all the time. They came out with him to the top of the staircase, but could not get a word edgeways even then, as he talked all the way down to the door and was even in an unfinished sentence when the door was shut behind him. They looked at each other and roared.—Freeman's Journal.

A Child's Logic.

A story illustrating the severe logic of some juvenile minds is told by the mother of the four-year-old girl involved. One day this observant miss saw a lame man on the street and asked her mother what made him walk so queer. The mother told her it was because one leg was shorter than the other.

"Well," she said, "there is a girl around the corner who is that way."

After a few minutes' meditation she remarked:

"Mamma, wasn't it funny that God didn't give the two long legs to the man and the two short ones to the girl?"—Baltimore Sun.

Labeled the Girls.

A good joke was played on the girls recently by the young men of a certain town. The boys had been rather remiss in their attentions, and the girls decided to show their independence. Consequently five of them hired a box at the theater and made a very charming theater party.

The play was "Wanted, a Husband," and the girls sat serene through it all, never dreaming that the enemy had fastened one of the posters, "Wanted, a Husband," round the box so that the audience might read.

The Human Mind.

Slow in forming, swift in acting; slow in the digging, swift in the working; slow in the summit, swift down the other slope; it is the way of nature and the way of the human mind. —Anthony Hope.

Boots as Stockings.

German children do not, as a general practice, hang up their stockings Christmas eve, but use their father's big boots instead.

Purple Stamps.

Holiday Goods

We now have on sale a large line of beautiful and useful goods. Great care has been given to the selection for Christmas trade.

You will find gloves, hosiery, ribbons, neckwear, belts, handkerchiefs, fancy work boxes, jewel boxes, toilet cases, games, juvenile books, pictures, vases, and other innumerable articles. A large assortment of furs, muffs and skirts at very low prices.

Great reduction on millinery. New Idea Patterns. Call before purchasing.

Mrs. H. E. Hinman,

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ACME MILL,

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MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

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Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

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NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

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Music Bradford Orchestra

Dance Tickets $1.00

Supper at Parks House $1 per couple

Spectators 25c each

Costumes will be in attendance.

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From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK

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Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

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CAPITAL	$200,000.00
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Groceries,
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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of John A. Nelson, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Edward Larson, residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

EDWARD LARSON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1903.

Call and see the elegant line of

Hawke's Cut Glass

AT

L. K. HOGARTH'S

A few of the favorite cuts:

BRUNSWICK, LORRAINE,
PORTLAND NIAGARA
GLADYS BERKSHIRE
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KENSINGTON

Prices better than you can get in the cities

We have Hot Water Bottles handsome enough for Christmas presents.

Fine Perfumes and Sachets.
Stationery. Pocketbooks.

Call us up on the Bell or Union.

L. K. Hogarth,

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Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

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The Finest and most complet line of

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"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
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E. W. JONES,

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Directly Opposite Court House.

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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

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all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

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March 4, 1903.